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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

TO THE REV. N. ADAMS, D.D., OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

My Dear Friend: It may seem strange to you, as to myself, that a letter to you should be written by me, with such distance between us; written from this great young city, so far West, which, in our country's development, will soon become the great central city of our continent, and, indeed, to much of our territory bordering toward the Rocky Mountains and vast Pacific coast, soon to become the first of the great Eastern cities, which are to form the permanent constellation of the oriental sections of our grand and wonderful Republic. It is strange, also, that I should write you a public letter, availed of that mighty organ, the diurnal Press, as the medium of its flight and its transmission to your eye; courting, I admit, as it goes, the eyes of all our countrymen, "and the rest of mankind," who may care to read it. My motive—there is ONE who knows.

Before I left home, I began to read your book, "A South-Side View of Slavery," which you were so kind as to send me, and I sincerely thank you for it. On my long way in the cars it was my companion. I read it on occasions and in consecutive portions, till I arrived here, a week since, finishing its pages and my journey together. I read it with calm feelings, with constant and increasing interest, and, in the main, with entire, sometimes with delighted, approbation. I regard it as a peculiar and quite a rare production. You seem to belong to no party, and to have no office in your aspiration—certainly not that of President—and to be justly accused of no plan or purpose but to do good to all concerned, as a Christian and an American.

For all this, I thank you that you did it; and more, *thank God, who put the same earnest care into your heart*, to observe, compare, view both and all sides, and write the results in a way so simple, so clear and credible, so seasonable, so entertaining and so promising a large perusal and excellent usefulness. To aid, and possibly extend, that usefulness is my aim in this public letter. I cordially COMMEND the book to be read regularly and ruminantly through, to all with whom I may thus prevail or exert any influence. Its tendency seems to me to be eminently and only good. For its apostolic coincidence with the positions and teachings of inspiration, it belongs palpably to the true succession; and if there are found enemies to defame and to execrate it, I hope its destruction, that is, its exemplary combustion, will be reserved to grace a fitting occasion—namely, that in which it shall blaze together with the Constitution of our country and the Bible of our religion; in the conflagration so often menaced by those enemies, so plainly desired by some of them, and which they seem occasionally to anticipate with delight, as the sublime *auto-da-fe* that shall consummate their devout and jubilant aspirations.

In recommending a VOLUME to the perusal of our contemporaries and our countrymen, and as much to their favourable notice and high appreciation, one is not responsible with the wise and the liberal minded for the correctness alike of all its contents; as if we fully adopted it all and equally valued and appropriated every portion of it; though with some that are *other*-wise, the discrimination is never made. I always make it, for myself and for others; and without it, would recommend, in public or in private, no uninspired book that was ever written—including my own, and not excluding even yours. I say this in my own protection, should I ever need it; and not because I at all apprehend that I shall ever need it. I read your book warily, thoughtfully, with good relish and digestion, and still with prudential reserve, to the end; yet not with the apprehension of a cynic or the rabid perspicacity of a faultfinder; and I found my mind more and more in its power, *nolens et volens et malens*; and therefore, possibly, I rise from its perusal so refreshed, and so grateful, and so nourished and strengthened, that I recollect only to admire and to commend its pages to the candid perusal of everybody, North, South, East, West, and clear across the Atlantic—to those pragmatical philanthropists in the British Islands, and all allied places, continental and colonial, who need to learn that there are more sides than one to an obelisk, or a pyramid, or an argument, or a subject so compounded and complicated as is slavery anywhere, but preeminently as slavery in a minority of the States of this greatest Republic of the world. For calmness and candour, for Christian kindness and ministerial dignity, for comprehension and discrimination, for exemplary patriotism and impartial philanthropy, for sound American principle and right Scriptural views, for suggestive and instructive wisdom, for originality and independence, for large reading and mature thought, for the array of facts and the statement of just inferences, and for the pervading and permeating temper of kindness and consistency that characterizes it, it has no peer; it is singular and deserves the palm; it is *facile princeps* as the banner production of our age and our country; and how great its worth, in contrast with the multitudinous publications of the antagonistic sort, I have no means or measures to demonstrate; but I can think and feel and wonder at the contrariety. It is not my plan here to review it or quote it, but only TO COMMEND IT, as I have said, to the favourable regards of all our countrymen. Its tendency is only good. It is a blessing to every "side." It is a gem for the country. It is a tribute to its strength, its durability, its inviolable integrity; and just as much to its extended piety, its moral and organic and social unity, its good feelings everywhere; to the interest of all men, servant and master, of every complexion and of every condition. It *worketh*, as WRATH does never, *the righteousness of God*. Its influence is that of blended light, and love, and prayer, and effort in every right direction. If truth is more wonderful than fiction, to me it is also sweeter. It is more manly and more grand, as well as more abiding and more useful. It is puissant, as seen in your book, to make men love their country, and especially to prompt them to pray for their country and all the humanity it embosoms. Such is its felt effect on my own mind; and how much its author has risen in my esteem, high as he was before, I shall tell nobody—but myself. I thank God that such a book is abroad.

The patriotism of our country is, in some relations, far more excellent in quantity than in quality. It is often of the wrong kind. It is too frequently external, swaggering, empirical, ostentatious and unprincipled. It ought to be thoughtful, sincere, cordial, and serious as that of Washington. Our national and statal organization is yet a magnificent enterprise; an experiment on the capabilities of man; a problem of self-government, not perfectly worked out, not fully mature, not yet wholly established. A grand axiom, and a common aphorism, it ought to be among us; OUR SIN MAY WORK ITS DESTRUCTION; GOD ALONE CAN PRESERVE US. It is not such an age of progress, or such a nation of glory, and it never will be either of these, as to render obsolete or impair the virtue of this divine maxim: RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION; BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE. So thought our venerable sires; so think the best patriots and the truest philosophers among us. As for all that *genus pessimum* of so many variant species, who ignore all the lessons of history, or who never studied them; whose arbitrary will or impulse is their only law; whose own gratified feelings are the criterion of all they can approve and all they pursue; they differ from all the wisdom of our sires and from all those patriots and philosophers—just for the reason so graphically portrayed by apostles: "Presumptuous are they, self-willed, and despise government": and to whom the order of the throne of heaven, given in equal love and authority, "submit yourselves to every ordinance [every creature] of man for the Lord's sake," is atheistically *despised*, indeed, in the fervid efflorescence of their impiety, whenever the supremacy of law interposes a barrier between their desire and its determined object. All such men, and some that have better streaks about them, will only disparage your book; so as to make us think of the terrific sarcasm of our Master—"if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also"; yes, IF they have! But they will also never read your book. They will glimpse it some, and avoid it more; as infidels do the Bible; so prescient of danger, lest it should convince or possibly convert them.

The name of Dr. Spring, of New York, to say nothing of others, has become, in some circles of British uproariousness, as in some of our own vernacular demonstrations, a talisman of abuse and furious denunciation. The reason is worthy of the calumnies assorted with it. On some public occasion, years ago, he spoke of the ignorant and degraded condition of many thousands of the coloured population of the South, and said, in a calm and qualified way, that immediate emancipation, could the imagination be realized, might be only an expedient to make bad worse, only an experiment of fearful results on the coloured people themselves; and this, so certainly that he could not even pray for it; nay, could he effectuate their absolute emancipation by a fiat, or a lift of his hand, he should fear to do it—humanity itself must prevent it, he would not do it!

Now, this sentiment, taken from its connection and its qualifiers, is used, with a flagrant and atrocious zeal, to pervert all his meaning, to blacken his character, and virtually to curse his reputation through all Europe, not only, but it is made a specimen, a model and a proof, among all their other extravagances and wickedness, with which to degrade and malign in general all the Christian ministers in our country, as a class of normal hypocrites, as men of the type of Judas, as emissaries of Satan, corrupting the total laity of their influence, on whom the whole vocabulary of abuse is to be emptied without stint, remorse or mercy. I have, with many better man, my share; and you, I think, are a candidate for many or all of their graduating honours. But, *ira furor brevis est*, and the *mens conscia recti* can sustain and survive its self-blasting gratifications. The men that *makes lies their refuge* have their obituary already written in the Bible, and flattery constitutes no part of it. Dr. Spring, of New York, and Dr. Adams, of Boston, may sleep as soundly, and wake as peacefully, and act as steadily, as if these men of mendacity and pseudo-philanthropy were all employed about better business, doing their duty wisely and well, each in his appropriate sphere.

There is one concession which all of us, I judge, are quite willing to make, and which I make with conscious sincerity; it is, that many who follow directly or indirectly in the train of those leaders, some more near and others more distant in the throng, both in Europe and in America, are good and well-meaning men in the main, and *verily think that they do God service*. They mean to be first rate philanthropists, and err more through short-sightedness, or impulsiveness, or some other delusion, than from any evil design. Still, they ought to think and search for the way, before they rush to walk in it; they ought to think *who are their leaders*, before they lend themselves to follow infidels, Sabbath-breakers, Universalists, visionaries, blood-stained and hardened duelists, men of reckless and erratic antecedents, that court conspicuity at all hazards, and cannot, in their malign vulgarity, distinguish between the shouts of a mob and the trumpet of fame. They enjoy the former, that echo of folly and shadow of renown, as if it were the same with the plaudits of posterity, or the monuments of the wise, or the ultimate records of approving history. Yes, they have their reward! They seek it, and they get it—such as it is, and poor enough at best.

We ought to be magnanimously or justly willing to recognise all good things that exist among masters and servants, in those sections of our country where slavery exists; and not to be so partially antagonistic as to illustrate only our own contractedness, and strengthen it, too, by indulgence, just as philosophers never do, just as apostles did not! It is not Christianity that matures or inspires this fanaticism of one idea, instead of an assortment of one hundred, on the subject. I have preached to them, in several States, by request of their masters, and with thanks from all, for my certainly well-meant services; as with real satisfaction of heart and conscience, in respect to the wisdom and propriety of what I endeavoured to do, as my duty to all parties. The masters seemed rightly to estimate the considerations of religion; to feel the value of the soul immortal in every man, bond or free, and utterly irrespective of the hue of the skin, covering *the earthly house of our tabernacle*. They know that their servants are all, equally with themselves, human beings; that the species is all one, in all its varieties; that we are all descended in common from Adam, and from Noah, with ten fathers and ten mothers identified absolutely as our common ancestors; that the son of God, Jesus Christ, came to save us, and actually died for us on the cross, exclusively of the black man no more than of the red, the tawny, the brown, or the white man; and that God will require the soul of the servant at the hand of the master, if the latter is found to hinder him from the means of grace and the proper opportunities of enjoying them to life everlasting. And this doctrine may be enforced, and would, I am persuaded, be received with meekness, by our Southern friends and fellow-citizens, if it were only done without sinister aims, wisely and well, after the grand and normal example of inspired men, as recorded in the New Testament for our direction and obedience. Of this I am so impressively persuaded, with you, that I lament the quackery of those *physicians of no value*, all whose practice seems to have no other tendency or end than to make bad worse, to exasperate the malady, to make their patients hate them, and gratify themselves! I believe, also, that they gratify the devil; and that they have done INCALCULABLE MISCHIEF TO ALL PARTIES, and to the whole country, by their impious departures from the ways of God and the known methods of his Apostles. To attack the relation itself, as sin *per se*, is the only way they see or will learn. Yet no such way is authorized in the word of God; and they ought to know it. Hence their awkwardly disguised enmity against his own orders and commands; and hence, sometimes, on select occasions, their impious railing, their downright blasphemy, at the oracles of truth! Such passages as I now indicate, especially the last one, are like gall and vinegar and a decoction of tobacco, compounded into a beverage, for their agonized aversion, when they are bluntly reminded of them. ☞ Eph. 6: 5—9. Pet. 2: 13—20. Philemon, 1—25. I. Tim. 6: 1—5. ☜ It would be substituting only the species for the genus if the latter part of that last passage, instead of *supposing that gain is godliness*, were made to read —"supposing that abolition is salvation." One of their preachers, of the feminine gender, once informed me, and others in her presence *totidem verbis*, that every Abolitionist would go to heaven, *she* had no doubt of it; while inspiration itself could not have appeared so assumptive or oraculous. Hence, I think the time is come for sober Christians to testify against them, and *show to others a more excellent way*. Especially should ministers of Christ, that are such, dare to be scriptural in what they say, and *keep themselves pure* from the degeneracy of others, clerical or laical, around them.

It is a fact of much suggestive wisdom in the principles or the puerilities of human nature, since

Men are but children of a larger growth,

that the word *hostis*, meaning *enemy* among the Latins, originally meant *stranger* only; and has a root in common with hotel, hospitium, and hospitality. How words too commonly deteriorate! It used to be classic English to speak of *resenting* the mercies of GOD, as says "the silver-mouthed Bates," two centuries ago. What will become of this ungrateful and wicked nation, if we continue so meagrely to *resent* the mercies of GOD, when those mercies are to us so displayed and so distinguishing! Our resentments are so often passionate, so often malevolent alone, that they have appropriated the word, monopolized it, and entered a *deleatur* irreclaimably on its aboriginal good sense and classic propriety.

I apply these to the different sections of our country, in honour of the patriarchal and fearfully prophetic—almost—words of Washington, in his farewell address; warning us against sectionalism, against antipathies that grow from alienations, against *strangers* that become too easily subsiding into *enemies!* Then come *resentments*, in a sense that has lost all its good; then beware! Civil war may be—too possibly—the consequence.

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.
It lives and moves from embryo to birth;
By progress grows and occupies the earth;
Evil itself, extinguishing all others' worth.

Let kindness grow much more by travelling. It is an old maxim, "Men will no longer hate when they know and understand and sympathize with each other." In a qualified sense, this is true. At all events, they can scarcely love as strangers; and too easily they may thus learn to hate as enemies. Gentlemen of influence and intelligence ought to interchange visits and journeys, reciprocally, from all distances and extremes of our country, to opposite or otherwise unknown sections of our great national homestead.

You, my dear sir, are my illustration. I almost congratulate that sickness that moved you from Boston to Savannah, from Massachusetts to Georgia. We need foreign travel in our own country to finish our education, and to improve our humanity, quite as much as our friends over the ocean, namely, John Bull and his foster cousins, Andrew Bull, and David Bull, and Patrick Bull, Esquires, of the British Islands. They are more like calves in their stunted growth without it. A sectional man is not half an American. He has the *idola specus*, the homely prejudices, the hallucinations of the cave where he was whelped, to honour Lord Bacon's figure, all bustling about him, like snakes on the head of Minerva. He stays at home, sees through yellow and crooked glass, consults his memory for his quotations, and his imagination for his facts, until, clear as mud, he sees his fellow-countrymen in the distance walking on all fours, and, for fear of cold or of heat in a pleasurable walk, accommodating themselves for comfort by putting each his head in his pocket. Such men KNOW NOTHING, he is sure, whether they belong to the party or not.

If our men of influence would travel more from one section of our country to another, from South to North, and from North to South, and also from East to West; if they would be candid, and mutually try to understand each other; if they would be acquainted and liberalized, so as to appreciate each others' views and circumstances, it would become a boon and a blessing to our common and our glorious country, and to all the human interests it contains. Our whole society would improve, and become homogeneous more in every excellence. Like the circulation of the blood arterial from the heart to the extremities, the whole corporeal system, the heart and the head, as well as the hands and the feet, would feel the vital glow, refreshed, nourished, cooperative and enduring. To illustrate again—I am glad that I have lately rushed after the sun, across the great Sire of Waters, to this gallant and brilliant young city; and though I have not yet found the bed on which the sun reclines at night, which is farther WEST than this—or, nowhere—yet I find men here that are men, and Christians that are Christians, as well as Americans that are Americans; and I rejoice to feel that I might journey more than as far again, on a parallel of latitude, in the same direction, and yet be in my own dear native country, and at home at that. ESTO PERPETUA.

As to this young and prosperous State of Missouri, which is to become the mighty centre of our Union, the terminus of the great Pacific Railroad, probably at this very city of St. Louis, though a slave State, it is one where humane and considerate views of the subject seem well and increasingly to obtain. There is more intelligence and religion here than we orientals are apt to imagine. Of this I am happily assured. The coloured persons in it are only about ten per cent. of its total population, and I have reason to think that anything like barbarity or cruelty of treatment, in relation to their servants, their fellow-creatures of the species, on the part of the master, in any instance, should it occur, would be resented and reprobated by public sentiment and by the public press as soon as known; so that the worse condition of the parties must soon appear to belong, not to the sufferer, but to the doer of the wrong. In this city there are many servants who give credible evidence of Christian piety, who have places of worship and coloured preachers over them in the Lord, where they abundantly show that they love to assemble for the truth's sake, and to enjoy the spiritual pleasures of social worship. I have been invited to preach for them, and shall do it with sincere good will, if the Lord spares me and gives me strength and opportunity. I love their best interests as consciously, I trust, as I love our common Saviour, and desire, above all things, for them, that they may become, with their masters and with us, his true disciples, his friends, his heirs, and his companions in glory forever. That your desire is strongly and steadily the same, no one who knows you, honoured and dear brother, can bosom a doubt; or if such a one there is, let him honestly and consecutively read the *Introductory Statement*, and the seventeen chapters or two hundred and fourteen pages of your excellent volume, and I say to him,

If unrestored by this, despair your cure;
For here resistless demonstration dwells.

How *much more good, and better good*, incomparably, would the evangelical ministry of our country speedily achieve if, with one heart, and one hand, and one mouth, following such example of Apostolic wisdom and benificence, *dico aperte*, as you have set them, they would seek the spiritual good of the coloured people, and leave politics and all Cæsar's matters where their divine commission leaves them, remembering practically and cordially that grand aphorism of our Master, "*My Kingdom is not of this world.*"

If you care to respond to this letter, through the mail or the press, I only say, *festina non lente*, and I shall be glad only to receive it. If the former, direct "care of Rev. William Homes, St. Louis, Mo.," the beloved brother from your own city, who is *mine host*, and who in this, with kindest regards toward all men, occupies usefully his appropriate sphere, knows his official place and its relative duties, and deserving, I think, the esteem which, from this intelligent community, he so largely conciliates, in common with other worthy and learned brethren not a few, who are a blessing and an ornament to St. Louis and to Missouri, in State and in Church, to the country and the kingdom, *et decus et tutamen*. The Great God of Salvation keep our country; and having made it so great, make it adequately good, that, as a nation of Christians, our own cognizance of *e pluribus unum* may continue to float in untarnished glory, the symbol of his protection over us, till time itself is done, and all its events and interests shall begin to be contemplated only in the retrospect of eternity! And oh! may his mercy so prevail as to fit us all for that untried and interminable state of being, as holy and happy there, through the mediation of our Lord and Saviour.

With fraternal esteem, I am respectfully yours, in our glorious Redeemer, Jesus Christ,

SAMUEL HANSON COX.

St. Louis, Jan. 29, 1855

ORGANIZED MOVEMENT TO MAKE KANSAS A SLAVE STATE.

From the Jackson Mississippian, March 20.

WE are glad to see that the people of Missouri are beginning to organize counter movements to the Northern Abolition Aid Societies, established to throw an anti-slavery population into the Territory of Kansas. We have before us the proceedings of a meeting at Lexington, Missouri, on the 19th, at which the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That the citizens of this county will raise a fund of $10,000 for the purpose of assisting actual settlers from the slaveholding States in emigrating to Kansas Territory.

"Resolved, That Wm. Shields, John Catron and Thos. Hikkle, be appointed a committee to take charge of the money raised under this resolution, to be expended by them as they may deem most expedient."

A large portion of the $10,000 was immediately subscribed. This is a vigorous beginning of a good work. But the people of Missouri should not be left to struggle unaided and alone. The interest of every slaveholding State is deeply involved in the matter. The struggle is for the establishment of slavery over a region of country as large as the State of New York. A great end is attained when a sovereignty, with African slavery as an element of its political and social existence, is brought into being. Nebraska will be anti-slavery beyond a doubt. The laws of nature have so ordained. But not so with Kansas. Her soil and climate are favourable to slavery; and if it does not apply for admission as a slave State, it will be on account of the criminal neglect and indifference of the Southern States.

Are we to sit still and let the Yankee Abolitionists take possession of that delightful country, when God and nature smile auspiciously on our labours? In every slave State the work commenced in Missouri should be prosecuted in earnest. It ought to have started earlier, but it is not yet too late. We are making a loud noise over Cuba, and getting up filibustering expeditions to destroy its connection with Spain and finally bring it into the Union—all commendable enough—but why is so little said about Kansas, a region equally as large and already belonging to the United States? In her case the harvest is ripe. All we have to do is to go and gather it before it is too late. There is no adventure in it. There are no hostile fleets to intercept our progress, no bristling bayonets to encounter, no neutrality laws to be violated. All we have to do is to go and take peaceable possession of the country. Those who cannot go can come to the assistance of others who can. A great prize is at stake, and the South can easily win it if she will but try.

THE AMERICAN BOARD AND LONDON ANTI-SLAVERY CONFERENCE.

A LATE number of the New York *Independent* has a long editorial article in regard to the arraignment of the American Board of Commissioners, for its pro-slavery position, at the London Anti-Slavery Conference, especially by Parker Pillsbury, of the United States. Below we give a specimen of the spirit of the article:

Rev. Cuthbert Young made another attempt to vindicate the American Board of Foreign Missions, but simple and honest facts in contradiction of Parker Pillsbury, Esq., were worth little in that Conference. He was followed by the Rev. Edward Mathews, of Wisconsin, whose speech is thus reported:

"I am aware that Mr. Pillsbury has documents in his possession which would enable him to substantiate everything he has said on this subject, and I submit that those documents should be laid before the Conference."

We know not who this Mr. Mathews is, and we trust he is misrepresented by the reporter. If he really said what the report imputes to him, he ought to be put into a good Sunday-school long enough to learn the decalogue, and especially the ninth commandment. If he is, indeed, weak enough and blunderer enough to believe the huge falsehoods which Parker Pillsbury, Esq., was imposing on the open-mouthed and wide-throated gullibility of that assembly, we are sorry for him, and sorry for Wisconsin.

In the statement made by Parker Pillsbury, Esq., of Boston, there is nothing at all surprising to us on this side of the ocean. But it is something of a marvel that a meeting, made up in part of men who have a religious character and standing, could be imposed upon, for a single moment, by so foul-mouthed and reckless a reviler; and that even Rev. James Sherman could denominate the reviler "our excellent friend," and could believe that the excellent friend was really giving the meeting "important information"—even "all the facts of the case." What would Mr. Sherman think if, at a religious and semi-religious meeting in New York, Mr. J. G. Holyoake should be introduced as a competent and trustworthy person to describe "the awful condition" of the religious bodies in England, and particularly of the Congregational Union of England and Wales? What would he think if he should find it reported that, upon some interruption by gentlemen professing to know something on the subject, some Christian pastor, as much respected and beloved as he is—Dr. Lansing, for example—had volunteered to vouch for the "Secularist," and had assured the meeting that "their excellent friend was giving them most important information"? Any reasonable man in this country would as soon thought of crediting the representations of a howling dervish at Constantinople, concerning the Christian sects of the Turkish empire, as of believing any representation from Parker Pillsbury, concerning "the American religious bodies."

It is not always easy to draw the line exactly between knavery and insanity; nor is it always necessary. When Mr. Parker Pillsbury affirms that the American Board of Foreign Missions "is a slaveholding body"; that "its treasury is constantly replenished by the price of the bodies and the souls of men, sold like beasts in the market"; and "its missions to Africa are sustained by the money raised from the sale of Africa's daughters, sold in the American shambles to grace the seraglios of Southern debauchees"—that "if he were a slave to Theodore Frelinghuysen, and should become the most eminent saint in the world, his sanctity would only enhance his price in the slave-market"—and that the religious bodies of America have "furnished the means of sending delegates to churches in Great Britain by the sale of babies in the market"—we have no occasion to judge whether he speaks under the hallucination of frenzy or with a full consciousness that he is lying. We have never troubled ourselves to consider what Mr. Parker Pillsbury says, or why he says it. But we confess that we are grieved for our common Christianity, and for our consanguinity with the British churches, when we find men, like James Sherman and Howard Hinton, ready to believe, without a moment's doubt or pause, the foulest and most sweeping vituperation against the churches of this country; and we cannot refrain from asking whether this is the sense in which their Christian charity "believeth all things."

The reference to a late unfortunate delegate from the American Bible Society makes it proper for us to say that we concede entirely to our British friends the right of judging for themselves in all cases of that kind. If any American, claiming their public or private hospitalities, is personally obnoxious to them for any reason—if he is a slanderer—if he has a bad reputation for integrity or veracity—if he is unsound in his doctrinal teaching or belief—if he is an oppressor of his fellow-men—if he is a supporter and defender of oppressive laws and institutions—we are perfectly willing that they should deal with him accordingly, whatever testimonials he may bear to show his ecclesiastical standing, and with whatever forms he may have been delegated from any of our benevolent Societies. Their right to choose their own company is complete; and if they err in the exercise of that right, the error is their own affair. If Mr. Parker Pillsbury's style of religious character is more to their taste than Dr. Alexander's, or Dr. Skinner's, or Prof. Park's, we have only to say that we will not dispute with them. If, on the representations of Mr. Parker Pillsbury and other "excellent friends" like him, they even choose to believe that Mr. Treat is a villain, that the Board of which he is a Secretary are guilty of "outrages from which the very crucifiers of the Son of God would have shrunk," and that membership in the religious bodies of America is *prima facie* evidence of extreme baseness, which must be purged away by some definite and prescribed profession and renunciation—be it so. Only let them remember that the "American religious bodies" are not likely to be very much influenced on any question by those who have not candour enough, or charity enough, or good sense enough, to read upon the brazen forehead of such a man, the title written as by the finger of God, ACCUSER OF THE BRETHREN

DR. ADAMS'S SOUTH-SIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY.

THE Boston Daily *Advertiser* prints the following extract from a letter from a distinguished Southern Jurist, who was for some time a Judge of the Supreme Court in one of the Southern States:

"In common with thousands of our people, I have read the 'South-Side View of Slavery,' with extraordinary interest. We are so unaccustomed to be be treated with justice by the writers of the Free States, that this calm, kind, enlightened and encouraging demonstration is hailed with gratitude and admiration. His moral courage is as eminent as his Christian charity is conspicuous. Inspired by a charity as great as this great nation, and as broad as Christianity, he has quietly, yet clearly and bravely, asserted the just rights of our section under the Constitution. For these things we honour Dr. Adams. His name will live through long years in Southern households. I shall teach my children to venerate it. It shall become a household word at my hearth-stone. I do not propose to write a review of his work. My purpose is simply to declare my approval of the motives of the writer, to testify to the general correctness of his representations of slavery, and to commend his book to the favour of slaveholders. Of course, I do not endorse all his views upon the subject. It is, however, a wonder to us, how, with all the prejudices of education to over come, and all the committals of position and association to resist, he is so often sound, ourselves being judges. The good sense and conscience of New England will find it hard to resist either the logic or the religion of the 'South-Side View of Slavery.' It is to be feared that the people of New England will not give it access to their minds and hearts. It is incontestably true, that if 'the friends of the slaves' ever are enabled to benefit the objects of their solicitude, it will be in the spirit of Dr. Adams's book."

Selections.

GERRIT SMITH TO W. H. SEWARD.

PETERBORO, March 13, 1855.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD—*My dear Sir:* For nearly a quarter of a century, I have followed you with deep interest. Your catholic and philanthropic spirit, having a remarkably vigorous and very highly cultivated intellect to serve its generous and elevated purposes, fully justified my large expectations from you. If they have not all been realized, nevertheless many of them have been; and not a few of them most abundantly and delightfully. There are passages in your life of great beauty—of great power—of true sublimity. Were I to single out the one which most exalted you in my esteem, it would be the identification of yourself with the loathed and execrated William Freeman. Nothing short of a high-souled devotion to the cause of justice can account for that unpopular and self-denying identification.

I have read your late Speech on the Fugitive Slave Act. It is emphatically an intellectual speech. But, if I may say it, without appearing egotistical, it does not, in all respects, come up to my expectations of what would fall from you on such an occasion. The newspapers said so much in praise of it, that I hoped to find you had taken a much higher than your former ground on slavery. But it is much lower than that which I had supposed you to occupy. I was aware that you denied to the Federal Government all right to meddle with slavery, except where it has exclusive jurisdiction. But it turns out that, even there, you allow it scarce the shadow of such a right. You would not have slavery abolished in the District of Columbia unless the people of the District are willing, and unless, also, the masters are paid "full compensation" for their slaves. A right clogged with such conditions is no right.

Honours and reproaches are liberally bestowed upon you for being an Abolitionist. But there is, surely, very little reason in such bestowal, if the speech in question may be relied on to prove the extent of what you would have done toward abolishing slavery. Again, the South, ever and anon, betrays her fears of you. But, very certainly, she need not fear you, if you propose no greater disturbance of her cherished "institution" than this speech indicates. Nor, indeed, has she anything to fear from the mass of Abolitionists—for their standard of anti-slavery action is but little, if any, higher than yours; and, among all their favourites and heroes, there is not one who enjoys so much of their confidence and admiration as you do.

Why is it, my dear Sir, that you are willing to go only so short a distance in the way of delivering the slave? Pardon me for saying that it seems to be because,

1. Of your false views of law.
2. Of your false views of human rights.
3. Of your false views of the province of civil government.

The piratical rules by which your brother is held in slavery you dignify with the name of law, and clothe with the obligations and sacredness of law; and, of course, so long as you confound these rules with law, you will not consent to trample them under foot, nor to make any very stern demand for the deliverance of their victim. If, instead of regarding law as the protector, and not the destroyer, of rights, your ideal of it is so low that even the commission of the highest possible crime against man, and the total annihilation of his rights, you can recognise to be law, it necessarily follows that, with you, there is no glorious and withering majesty of law before which to arraign slavery, and no mighty voice of law to call for its abrogation.

But your apprehensions of human rights are not less defective than your apprehensions of law. Instead of interpreting constitutions and statutes in the light of human rights, you interpret human rights in the light of constitutions and statutes. You exalt human decrees above human nature; and when they come in collision with each other, it is human nature that you would have give way, and human decrees that you would have triumph. The absoluteness of human rights seems to have no place in your conceptions of them. You fall in with the popular notion of subjecting them to conditions—and such degrading and annihilating conditions as you would scarcely be willing to subject the rights of a dog to. Although man was made but "a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honour," you, nevertheless, claim not one absolute right for him. You admit the enactment which sweeps away all his rights to be law—valid law. Alas, nothing is held cheaper than human rights!—nothing is more trifled with than sacred manhood! You would scout the legislation which declares a stone to be wood, or a horse to be a hog. But the legislation which sinks man into a chattel—immortality into a commodity—commands your respect and obedience. The simple fact that it is legislation outweighs, in your esteem, its infinite absurdity, its infinite insult and its infinite blasphemy.

That you should be as wide of the truth in respect to the province of Government as you are in respect to law and human rights, is but what might be expected. The only office of Government is to protect, in all the fulness of human rights, every one of its subjects. But you seem to concur with the doctrine of the Supreme Court of the United States, that Government is competent to do whatsoever it will with its subjects, even to the making slaves of them. Not, indeed, that you would have Government do so, but that, in its doing so, you would still recognise and obey it as Government. In the case of Strader and others against Graham, that Court says, in defence of reducing freemen to slaves, that a State "has an undoubted right to determine the *status* or domestic and social condition of the persons domiciled within its territory."

The least right of which the least of its subjects is robbed Government should promptly and unconditionally restore. But you allow it to witness unmoved the greatest crime, and to leave unredressed the greatest wrong. You allow it to do so, in the present case, because you recognise a higher power than Government behind the Government. This higher power to which you would have Government bow—and to which, indeed, you bow—is, strange to say, the criminal himself. You consent that Government should emancipate the slaves of the District of Columbia, provided this criminal—this higher power—in other words, the people of the District—are willing. That is, you consent that Government shall do its duty—its absolute and most commanding duty—whenever they who are least willing it shall do it shall give their consent. I admit that you would promote their willingness by paying them money. But this only makes the matter worse. Government is ever to act upon its own consent—never upon that of another—least of all upon the bribed consent of another. Let me not be misapprehended at this point. I would myself have the nation share with the slaveholder in his loss by emancipation—for the nation has encouraged slaveholding, and sought to profit by it. Nevertheless, emancipation, being an absolute duty, is to be granted, free of all conditions. Whether the slaveholder shall receive money, is a question wholly foreign to the duty of emancipation. That duty is to be discharged, whatever may, or may not, follow it.

That you would not have slavery abolished in the States without "compensation for damages" is not at all strange, since you attach a similar condition to its abolition in the District of Columbia. Nor, since you virtually deny to the Federal Government an unconditional right to abolish slavery even where it has exclusive jurisdiction, is it at all strange that you deny that it has any legitimate concern with slavery in the States.

I need not say that the Federal Constitution leaves the whole system of American slavery in the hands of the Federal Government. You will yourself admit that it is not its words, but only their pro-slavery construction, which teaches the contrary. But, whatever this instrument in this respect, it will have but one interpretation among us by the time the Federal Government has got heart enough to abolish all slavery within its exclusive jurisdiction; and that interpretation will accord to it ample power over all American slavery. More than this—the day is not distant when the Governments of Christendom will agree in regarding slaveholders as *hostes humani generis*—as outlaws, whom they are at liberty to pursue, if need be, across both State lines and Constitutional lines, even as they now pursue pirates, into whatever sea or lurking place.

I wonder, my dear Sir, that your self-respect does not forbid your submission to the popular idea that it lies within the power of Government, as Government, to enslave men. I wonder at your virtual admission that your own most essential and holy rights, instead of being inherent and absolute, stand but in the concessions and grace of Government. How can you tolerate a doctrine which would clothe with the name and reverence of law the enslavement of yourself, and wife, and children? I know your hatred of slavery, and that you will say that a law to enslave men is a bad law. My answer is that it is no law. I know that you will say that such a law should be repealed. My answer is that it should be trodden under foot.

But we are all apt to deceive ourselves; and it is possible that you deceive yourself when you suppose that you really regard slavery as law—as law, too, which is so sacred and obligatory as not to be repealable, save on conditions that are well-nigh impossible. Perhaps, after all, were it proposed to make men of Saxon instead of African blood the victims of slavery, you would be amongst the very first to scout the idea of law for the outrage. I think you would be. I think that, in such case, you would sooner countenance the idea of a law for murder—murder being a less wrong than slavery, as you yourself would decide, were you called on to choose which should be the fate of your children.

In a former part of my letter, I attributed the superficial character of your anti-slavery to your erroneous views of law, and human rights, and civil government. But, perhaps, it is only in connection with *negro* slavery that you entertain these views. Perhaps it is only because our slaves are of African blood that you, who trust that you are purged of the foul and accursed spirit of caste, can be so patient under their wrongs, and can consent to the interposition of well-nigh insurmountable obstacles in the way of the removal of these wrongs. I must believe that, were a portion of our white brethren to become slaves, you would be exceeded by none in demanding their instant and unconditional liberty. One thing I most certainly know, and so do you, that were you to propose or to tolerate any delay, or any conditions in that case, you would never again be reelected to the Senate. Your popularity would be all gone—gone for ever.

Alas, my deeply insulted black brother! And what is far more lamentable than your insults is, that you, my poor black brother, still hope for help from those who mean to be, and who believe themselves to be, your friends, and whom you believe to be your friends, but who, nevertheless, make these deeply insulting distinctions against you! May God dispel your delusion! Man cannot. I have often seen, and with anguish, that it is too stubborn to yield to the power of man.

The speedy and bloodless end of American slavery is the desire of your heart, as well as of my own. But to seek to accomplish this object by such slender means as you rely on is as vain as to angle for leviathan with children's pin-hooks. The power of truth and honesty can alone suffice to overthrow such a deep-rooted, wide-spread and mighty evil as is that which we contend against. But there is no truth in the doctrine that slavery, which is the most rampant and guilty enemy of law, is itself law. Nor is there honesty in the doctrine—for no one will admit the doctrine when it is turned against himself, and his own neck is claimed for the yoke of slavery. But strong as is our enemy, our victory, nevertheless, would be sure and easy, would we but consent to discard our superficial and politic expedients, and to call to our aid the weapons of simple truth and simple honesty. Wielding these effective weapons, we could not fail to make a lodgment in the conscience of the slaveholder, nor fail of that inspiring self-respect which is another powerful element of success; nor fail of what is more than all else—the Divine blessing.

But I must close. Think not, my dear Sir, that I would ignore or underrate your services for the slave. You have often uttered good and brave words for him—very good and very brave, considering how trammelled you are by your connection with a party which, if only because it is a national party, must, necessarily, be pro-slavery. When I ask you to do better things for the slave than you have done, I, notwithstanding, cheerfully and gratefully acknowledge what you have done for him. I own that you stand, as an anti-slavery man, very far above most of our statesmen. But I would have you stand still farther above them. Rejoicing that you are on comparatively high ground, I, nevertheless, using the words of the sacred Book, would say to you affectionately: "Friend, go up higher."

Respectfully and cordially yours,
GERRIT SMITH.

AN ACT FOR THE PRESERVATION OF PERSONAL RIGHTS AND LIBERTY.

A LARGE number of petitions have been presented to the Legislature asking the passage of laws to secure the Writ of *Habeas Corpus* and Trial by Jury to persons in this State claimed as Fugitive Slaves, and to prevent and punish Kidnapping. These petitions were referred to a Select Committee of the Assembly, of which Mr. Phelps, of Onondaga, was made Chairman. The following bill has been reported as the result of the labours of that Committee:

AN ACT for the better Preservation of the Constitutional R

regard every right of the opponents of the resolutions, withdrew and called to the chair a member from Illinois, who had no such scruples. The Clerk was ordered, in defiance of all rights and rules. This he refused to do, and, with a protest against this arbitrary action, resigned his office.

Another member was called upon to act as Clerk, but he, though a friend of the resolutions, denied the validity of any election otherwise than by ballot. A member from North Carolina was, however, found willing to act as Clerk. This individual proceeded to call the roll, amidst such confusion that it was impossible to get at the sense of the meeting. The opposition, whenever, amid the uproar, one of their names was heard, refused to vote, or protested against the right of those persons to call their names. In this way the resolutions were declared to be carried.

The Speaker now took the chair, and business was resumed, the first transaction being an election of a Clerk by ballot; a virtual acknowledgment, it will be noticed, of the unlawful nature of the previous election.

In short, whatever action was taken upon the resolutions, was taken in defiance of all rules in a body professing to be governed by parliamentary rules, against the injunction of the faculty, from whom alone that body derives its existence. It was taken without discussion, when the chair was occupied by one who avowed his intention to recognise no opponent of the resolutions and when there was no Clerk at the desk; and, finally, it was taken by a mere minority of the students. It is left to the public to say whether such resolutions can be fairly regarded as expressing the sense of the Dane Law School.

OPPONENTS OF THE RESOLUTIONS.

Harvard University, March 26, 1855.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1855.

PARKER PILLSBURY AND "THE INDEPENDENT."

On the first page of this sheet, and in its appropriate place, will be found an extract from a recent editorial article in *The Independent* of this city. Before the reader, however, whose attention may be attracted to it by this reference, turns to it, let him first refer to the STANDARD of last week, and read the report of Parker Pillsbury's speech at the London Conference, which gave the occasion to *The Independent's* article.

To any one who has been familiar, for years past, with the course of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—who has seen its servile obedience to the pro-slavery spirit which has so long and so lamentably governed the American Church — has watched its time-serving policy, refusing now to condemn polygamy, now to rebuke the holding of slaves even by its own converts, and now conceding something to the awakened conscience of its supporters, not because the Board has its own eyes opened to the enormity of the sin of slaveholding, but because it fears a falling-off in the contributions of its Northern supporters—to such an observer, we say, the comments of Parker Pillsbury will seem in no degree exaggerated. But the wonder will be, on the contrary, that any journal, professing anti-slavery principles, and, indeed, justifying, we freely add, that profession by its general fearless anti-slavery tone, could find anything in Mr. Pillsbury's speech to criticise or object to. If there is any one ecclesiastical body of this country about whose pro-slavery character all classes of anti-slavery people have agreed, it certainly is the American Board. For years past, the chief, if not the only, interest which has attached to its annual gatherings has been how it could dispose of this very question of the connection of the Board with the system of slavery. It has been a house divided against itself; and, for nine years past, at least, a very strong and influential portion of its members—men, too, for the most part, in nowise tainted, in the other relations of life, with the suspicion of Abolitionism — have spared neither eloquence nor influence to bring the Board up to the Christian standard on this subject. Among these disturbers of the peace, several of those who are known as editors of *The Independent* have been most conspicuous. Mr. Leavitt, who is understood to be the managing editor of that paper, has, we believe, considered it one of his peculiar missions to bring the American Board to repentance; Dr. Bacon has signalized his new-born anti-slavery zeal for the same end on more than one occasion; Mr. Beecher, we presume, has been looked upon as, of all Congregational clergymen, the Board's great arch-enemy; and even Mr. Thompson, we think it likely, though we will not vouch for the fact, may have avowed his sorrow and concern for the Board's errors and shortcomings, during that eventful period in which his anti-slavery career began and ended — his month in England. If Mr. Pillsbury deserves, in any degree, the onslaught which *The Independent* has made upon him, what, in the name of all that is reasonable and Christian, have the opponents of the pro-slavery course of the American Board been about these dozen years past?

Doubtless it will be replied—the Board has changed its position, and, by its course at its last meeting, in Hartford, recanted its past errors, and given forth fruit meet for repentance. We are not disposed to deny that its action at that time was a step in advance of its former course. It refused to be bound by a law of the Choctaws which forbids its missionaries to teach the coloured children of their Sunday schools to read even the Word of God; and it marked the progress of opinion among its members by commending the Letter of one of its Secretaries which had lain unheeded for eight years among its archives. But if that Letter satisfies the anti-slavery conscience of the American Church, so does it *not* satisfy the conscience of the American Abolitionists. Mr. Treat nowhere deals with slavery as a sin, to be dealt with, under all circumstances, like other sins, and does not consider it as in itself a bar to admission to the Church. True, he condemns it, and recommends certain hortatory and supplicatory measures which may eventually lead the neophyte to repentance; but the fact that the convert holds his brother-man, perhaps his fellow-convert, as a slave, does not, *ipso facto*, prevent his being received as a Christian and whole in the faith.

The present position of the Board we have, on former occasions, examined, at length, and need not, therefore, adduce evidence to substantiate this assertion. But what we wish to assert emphatically is, that as to the position which that body has occupied till within a few months, there was no question among people pretending to any sort of honest anti-slavery principle; and that Mr. Pillsbury has said nothing which might not have been said, a year ago, with the cordial approbation, at least so far as doctrine, if not phraseology, is concerned, of a large majority of the supporters of the Board. Now, granting that an advanced position was taken at the last meeting, at Hartford, the Board has yet by no means reached that which Abolitionists have always demanded the Christian Church should occupy. It has come so far in obedience to anti-slavery requirement; it will have yet to come a great deal farther. If *The Independent* cannot see this, it is neither so far-sighted nor so true to the cause as it has had the credit of being. And if it cannot bear a discussion of the subject, but, on the other hand, means to set itself up as a defender of the pro-slavery American Church, and values more the reputation of the "brethren" in the bonds of sectarianism than it does the freedom of the brethren in the bonds of slavery, the fact is one which it is well to know. That we have reason for suggesting such a possibility, if the reader wants any other evidence than the article on our first page, he will find it in the following correspondence. On the appearance of that article, Mr. Hovey, of Boston, as a friend of Parker Pillsbury, wrote *The Independent* the following letter:

BOSTON, Feb 24, 1855.

To the Editor of The Independent.

SIR: In a recent editorial, in speaking of Parker Pillsbury's speech at a late Anti-Slavery Conference in London, you characterize that gentleman as "a foul-mouthed and reckless reviler," and you accuse him of imposing "huge falsehoods" upon his audience. May I, as a friend of Mr. Pillsbury, ask you if I can say to him that your columns will be at his service to vindicate himself, if possible, from so serious a charge? An answer by return of mail will much oblige,

Respectfully yours, CHAS. F. HOVEY.

To which *The Independent* made this extraordinary response:

MR. CHAS. F. HOVEY—*Sir:* In reply to your inquiry, whether our columns "will be at the service" of Mr. Parker Pillsbury "to vindicate his character," we have to say that, having alluded to Mr. P. but incidentally, to illustrate a general subject, and having "characterized" him in strict accordance with his speech, quoted to our readers, we see no occasion for entering into any discussion with him or his particular defenders.

Respectfully yours, EDS. INDEPENDENT.

Such "incidental allusions" are much like the enticements of the farmer who 'ticed a man over his garden fence with a pitchfork. Perhaps, however *The Independent* means that an attempt to undermine the character and destroy the influence of any individual Abolitionist is only incidental to its determination to enter the lists against all comers in defence of the pro-slavery Church of this country.

In connection with this subject, we refer to a communication, in another column, from the Bristol and Clifton (England) Anti-Slavery Society. Our friends abroad, we trust, will beware of this Mr. Cuthbert Young, who is endeavouring to persuade them that the American Board has at length taken its stand upon the anti-slavery platform. It is only a new scheme to cover up the wickedness of the American Church. If *The Independent*, behind which Mr. Young shields himself, lends itself to that scheme, then so much the worse for *The Independent*. If Mr. Young intimates that the article in question was written by Mr. Beecher, we believe that he was, and believe that he knew he was, guilty of falsehood. Indeed, that he should appeal to the authority of Mr. Beecher, or Mrs. Stowe, at all, is the best evidence that he is not particular as to the means he uses to gain an end. He would as soon appeal, in this country, to Parker Pillsbury himself as to either of them to sustain the anti-slavery character of the American Board. Neither do we believe that either Mr. Beecher or Mrs. Stowe would "endorse," or hold themselves, in any way, responsible for, the article in *The Independent*. They write always, in that paper, over their own signatures, and no one can have a right to impute to them any other opinions than those they thus avow. We have never yet seen anything from the pens of either of them that would lead us to suppose that the present position of the American Board meets with their entire approbation; and until we do, we shall feel justified in supposing that their opinions on this subject are in accordance with the anti-slavery principles by which they are distinguished.

SOUTH-WEST-SIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY.

THAT *Chalchostom*,* not *Chrysostom*, of clerical rhetoric, Samuel H. Cox, wearing, as if in a practical joke at all Doctors and derision of all divinity, the title of *Doctor of Divinity*, has just been printing, at St. Louis, Mo.—fit latitude—an egregious letter, meant, evidently, to be a hearty commendation of that execrable and silly book, Adams's "South-Side View of Slavery." *Par nobile fratrum!* It only needs one more endorsement, that shall be nameless, withheld thus far (that is, openly) out of policy, and the learned and desperate trio will be fully equipped to run *a muck* at the civilization, humanity and Christianity of the world. We do not know which will cause the Malapropas and doting author of the book in question most chagrin, the utter contempt with which the public have received his lucubrations or the over-done commendations of his apostate and cashiered *confrere*.

Here are some of his extravagances:

"It is *facile princeps* as the banner production of our age and country; and how great its worth in contrast with the multitudinous publications of the antagonistic sort, I have no means or measure to demonstrate; but I can think and feel and wonder at the contrariety"—"Its tendency is good. It is a blessing to every 'side.' It is a gem for the country. It is a tribute to its strength, its durability, its inviolable integrity; and just as much to its extended piety, its moral and organic social unity, its good feelings everywhere; to the interests of all men, servant and master, of every complexion and every condition. It worketh, as wrath does never, the righteousness of God. Its influence is that of blended light, and love, and prayer, and effort in every right direction"—"I hope its destruction, that is, its exemplary combustion, will be reserved to grace a fitting occasion—namely, that in which it shall blaze together with the Constitution of our country and the Bible of our religion."

Now, is not this——we are in the dilemma of the swearing man who spilt his cart-load of potatoes down a long hill, and became contemptuously silent because he could invent no oath that would do justice to the subject. The language has no adjective fit to characterize the quaint blending of profanity and effrontery in this passage. But is it not thoroughly *Cozian?*—an epithet by this time pretty well understood. It seems as if this fellow, by brazening out and reiterating his impertinent follies, had a purpose of wearing out criticism and fatiguing ridicule by incessant and excessive occasions for them. We get tired at last of seeing a man make however ludicrous faces, and leave off laughing when it becomes painful to us. Occasional stupidity always amuses, but persistent folly saddens into insanity. Dr. Cox has afforded the American people much innocent gratification, and so must be considered a benefactor of his race. But let him consider if his style of character will not be improved by heeding Hamlet's advice to the players: "Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that 's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." The fact is, Dr. Adams went South, as he says, an Abolitionist, and was so moved and swerved by some of the mere adjuncts and drapery of slavery as to come home a fervid apologist of the rascality. Dr. Cox was himself long ago seduced and won over by the same flimsy and trivial aspects of the subject. The trouble with these men—at any rate, with the former of them—is not that they do not honestly and simply report their own judgment in the premises, but that they have none of the elements of a sound judgment on any moral question. It is not that they are not religious according to their own standard, but that they have not the *capacity* of religion. They are of the unfortunate class, not numerically larger, perhaps, than the blind, the dumb, and the insane, in whom the religious instinct is not developed. They are capable, indeed, of imbibing theoretically the religious traditions that pervade their sect and community, and of understanding the logic of its abstract propositions, but cannot superadd to either any vital original force. Such men may, perhaps, be saved, but only upon a most liberal theory of the divine benevolence. To have such men for professors and teachers of religion is as unfortunate as to have a blind man lecture on colours, or a deaf and dumb man to teach music, but all three are possible. Drs. Cox and Adams are probably opposed to highway robbery—that is, they have imbibed the educated prejudice which prevails in good society against it—but should they happen at a robber's cave, and be unexpectedly accosted with the reverence due to their cloth, they would forthwith revise their opinions with regard to the institution of taking purses on the highway; should they be asked to say grace at the table, they would actually defend it; and if solicited to conduct family prayers, they would even publish a book in favour of it. Had these two clergymen been spectators of the Crucifixion, they would doubtless have been moved with some animal pity; but if the Roman soldiers, with unexpected liberality, had made a donation to one of them of the seamless coat of the divine victim, they would have been induced by such genuine good feeling and disinterestedness to take "*a South-side view*" of the whole transaction.

* Brazen mouth.

These men, and such as they, lay great stress upon the assumption that slavery is not expressly forbidden in the Bible. Doubtless it was upon the same plea that Burroughs persisted in passing counterfeit money. We cannot find that the Bible makes any distinction between good bills, redeemable at the Suffolk, and *bogus*. The lecherous and prurient Mormons have really produced a most damaging argument in favour of people having any number of wives. Such moralists, turning over the Scripture as so much statute, actually plume themselves upon possessing all the astuteness of a Tombs lawyer, in fancying that they have discovered some loop-hole and defect in the Divine code. Sworn advocates of some gigantic villany, they are as pleased to catch the Almighty *napping* in some such matter as slavery, counterfeiting and polygamy, as is one of the before named respectable practitioners to get off some slung-shot rowdy, by a *flaw in the act*.

Dr. Cox is very anxious that the American people should read this book of Bro. Adams—thinks they have not generally done so. We think they have not. The fact is, most of us have got beyond this debate, and do not feel like reverting to it. It is a foregone conclusion with us, and with the most of mankind. We do not care to discuss the question whether our Heavenly Father approves of our making merchandise of each other. If it is a question which suggests doubts in the minds of these two divines, and they feel an appetite to debate it, they must *rap* up Zoroaster, or Zerdusht, or the spirit of some heathen sophist, for auditors and opponents. Slavery is not a question of Christian morality. The minimum of Christian morality requires infinitely more at our hands than not to make our fellow-men slaves. If these two untimely persons, these abnormal moral monsters, appearing in our modern civilization like forlorn mastodons and saurians of an earlier creation, could go back and be converted to any decent system of heathenism, like Lamaism, Budhism or Stoicism, and in them learn some of the simpler principles of human justice, they might, in the progress of ages, become capable of understanding some of the sublimer precepts of a Christian charity.

Dr. Cox writes from St. Louis, "*finishing his education and improving his humanity*," as he says, "*by foreign travel in his own country*," getting a *South-West-side view* of slavery to match a "*South-side*." The same paper which rejoices in his lengthy communication contains the usual advertisement of slaves run away, and among them one H. E. Moore, a kind of Haley, advertises two negroes escaped from a steamboat on the Mississippi, bound, doubtless, to the New Orleans market, and offers a reward of two hundred and fifty dollars. In a contemporaneous South-Western paper is an advertisement, quoted in the STANDARD of the 24th Feb., wherein John Long informs the public that he still has his NEGRO DOGS, and that they are in good training and ready to attend to all calls for hunting RUNAWAY NEGROES, at five dollars per day. Yet everything is "*apostolic*," everything is beautiful to Dr. Cox. He is proud of his country, proud of her prosperity, proud of his countrymen, proud of their humanity. He has been invited to preach to the negroes, and he is going to do it. We should rejoice to be present and witness the graceful buffoonery with which he will condescendingly accommodate his accustomed dignity to the imaginative and susceptible intellects of his audience. Among those prayed for in the accustomed formula as "*providentially detained at home by sickness or other infirmity*," we wonder if the *brethren* would be considered as included who are *treed*, in some swamp, by John Long's dogs, and *cannot conveniently come?* and whether that would be considered a sufficiently providential happening to justify their forsaking the assembling of themselves together on the occasion? Poor men! not so much on account of the dogs as in losing the eloquence, distilling from the brazen lips of Dr. Cox, setting forth the blessedness of slavery.

GRADUAL EMANCIPATION NECESSARILY UNSOUND AND IRRELIGIOUS.

ALL must see that there is no small resemblance between excessive drinking and slaveholding. But the most reflecting among us must also see that this resemblance cannot be carried throughout. The excessive drinker—saying nothing about his example and his family, if he has one—can so regulate the quantity of liquor that no one will be injured but himself. He acts on *dead* material—material that has no *rights*—that never can have any. The slaveholder acts on his fellow-creatures, whose *rights* are equal to his own—on *mind* and *will*, which may be altogether adverse to *his*. He may think it *his* highest concern to retain the slave in bondage—the slave, *his* to be free. The action of the slaveholder depends not on what he himself wishes to have done—for, no doubt, he would have the slave to do, *voluntarily*, without any *compulsion*, what he desires should be done—but almost entirely, if not entirely, on what *another* does or does not do. The punishment he inflicts on the slave must be proportioned to his offence. Thus he may be as merciless on a system of gradual emancipation as on one of relentless, unmitigated slavery. Let us suppose one-fifth of the slaves to be emancipated: will the laws regarding slavery be diluted one-fifth? or will they be as rigorous as ever against the remaining four-fifths? Certainly, not less rigorous. Will there be one-fifth more of schools provided for those who go out at first, and a proportional number for those who go out afterwards, or will they receive from the whites one-fifth more of kindness and attention than they did while slaves, and will this kindness and attention increase as emancipation increases? No: there will no more schools be provided for them, and they themselves, when made free, will have no means to provide school-houses for themselves; they will not be instructed in the white schools, nor even permitted to be sent there; they will be looked on as a degraded class, and their very badness—occasioned, in all likelihood, by our own neglect—will lead us to regard them pretty much as depredating wolves, that we shall desire to palm on our neighbours, or to persecute into the desert. By a law of their nature, they, thus neglected, will become worse; and, by the same law, we shall not only become worse, but show our deterioration by being more pitiless and cruel.

But, supposing the things above mentioned are just what we would have—that schools and all moral and intellectual appliances are properly provided—and that we pay such attention to the emancipated as will improve both them and us—indeed, that the whole matter is so arranged that they are made as comfortable as we are, and the enjoyment of their rights assured to them as well as it can be: what then? Will those retained as slaves be better contented when they see their old companions happy in the improvement of powers—in the enjoyment of rights, to which they think they themselves are as well entitled? No: they would not. They would become trifling, and lazy, and shiftless, as they did under the gradual emancipation act of Pennsylvania, *where there were but few*. But where there are *many*—where the labour of the country is principally performed by them—the slavery laws would become more severe, as the slaves gave more signs of discontent; and they would become discontented in proportion as the emancipated were happy and improving, and as they themselves become less in number. Thus *gradual* emancipation—better, to be sure, than continued slavery, for anything is better than *that*—has operated badly wherever it has been tried heretofore, and will continue to operate badly wherever it may be tried hereafter. And simply on this ground—inevitable ground, —that it is a violation of the laws of man's nature that never can be made to work well, do what we will.

THE AMERICAN BOARD OF [illegible] MISSIONS.

By the last European mail, the following communication from the Secretary of the Bristol and Clifton Anti-Slavery Society was received by the General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. The important and interesting character of its contents impels us to lay it before our readers without delay.

BRISTOL (Eng.), March 8, 1855.

I write to you by this mail on behalf of our Anti-Slavery Committee, to beg you will ascertain for us, with as little delay as possible, the correctness of a statement made last night in Bristol, by Rev. Cuthbert Young—which is, that "*since the Hartford meeting of last year, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and her brother, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, have taken the American Board of Foreign Missions heartily by the hand.*" Rev. C. Young is Secretary of the Society lately formed in London, termed the "Western Asia Mission Aid Society" (references to which have frequently appeared in recent American anti-slavery journals). The above Society acts in concert with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and sends a large portion of the funds it collects to the officials of that Board.

At the close of Mr. Young's address to the Bristol meeting, last night, a resolution was passed, responding to Mr. Young's appeal for aid. To this an amendment was proposed by Rev. George Armstrong, suggesting, that as the Western Asia Mission Aid Society was connected with the American Board of Foreign Missions—an organization stained by the contributions and controlled by the influence of slaveholders — British Christians should establish a separate agency for their missionary efforts in Turkey, or should coöperate with a Society in America entirely uncontaminated by slavery. Such (he learned) was the character of the *American Missionary Association*, of which Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is understood to be a leading member.

Rev. Mr. Young interrupted Mr. Armstrong more than once, at first endeavouring to prove the amendment out of order, and then maintaining that coöperation with the American Board had not the remotest tendency to sustain slavery: that when this idea was presented to his Committee in London, they "quite laughed at it": that the public must not think of listening to the reckless statements about the American Board made by Mr. Parker Pillsbury, who had attacked it in a most unjustifiable way at the recent Anti-Slavery Conference in London: that instead of the Board bearing the character which was represented by parties in England, Mr. H. W. Beecher and Mrs. Stowe, since the Hartford Convention, had taken it heartily by the hand. Mr. Young then quoted an article from the New York *Independent* of Feb. 15, which paper he said was edited by Rev. H. W. Beecher, and to which Mrs. Stowe was one of the chief contributors. The article (which Mr. Young led the meeting to infer was *written*, or *at least*, "*endorsed*" by Mr. Beecher) consisted of comments on the proceedings of the late London Anti-Slavery Conference; defending the Board of Foreign Missions from charges brought against it by Rev. Edward Mathews, James Vincent, S. R. Ward, and Mr. Pillsbury; speaking in terms of disparagement of the first two gentlemen, and being especially violent in its attacks upon Mr. Pillsbury, on whom it declared no reliance must be placed, and warned British Christians against taking that gentleman as a sample of the true friends of religion and humanity in the United States. If you, or the editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, have access to the New York *Independent* of Feb. 15,* will you refer to it? Mr. Young did not read from it, but merely held it in his hand as he quoted its contents, and I only had an opportunity of glancing cursorily at it after meeting. I may not have reported some passages which would make the fact of Mr. Beecher writing such an article, or consenting to give it his editorial seal, less unintelligible than it at this distance appears. Should Mr. Young succeed in proving to the Evangelical Christians of Great Britain, among whom he presses the claims of the American Board of Missions, that the authoress of the Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, and her brother, are giving the weight of their unqualified sanction to this Board, it is all that they would require to commend the Board to their confidence and sympathy.

The subject of the support given to slaveholders by British coöperation with this Board, and of the relations it holds to the system, has been brought before the notice of the "Western Asia Missions Aid Society," in an admirable tract lately published by the Edinburgh Anti-Slavery Society. This pamphlet, together with the reply made to the Secretary of that Society, with a copy of which we have been favoured, shall be forwarded to you by this mail. You will perceive that the minutes of the "Western Mission" Committee do not meet the questions raised in the Edinburgh pamphlet. But from their Secretary's note, it appears that they decline expressing approval of all the agencies of the Board. Hence Mr. Young's assertion, that Mrs. Stowe and Mr. H. W. Beecher "take it cordially by the hand," was the more startling, for no information has reached this country of any change having been made in the position of the Board, "since the Hartford meeting," which could explain how the authoress of the Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, or the distinguished clergyman whose earnest exhortation in his recent lecture before the New York Anti-Slavery Society gave evidence of his unabated zeal for the cause, have been satisfied to give in their adhesion to the American Board of Missions! Yet we are, on the other hand, sure they would not consent to stultify their former testimony by countenancing the Board while it retains the character that has hitherto been ascribed to it, and continues to be deeply involved in the maintenance of slavery.

No one seconded Mr. Armstrong's amendment; but the Chairman, Richard Ball, Esq., protested against lending *any*, the remotest sanction to the sinful system of American slavery. He said that he would not touch it with a pitchfork, nor sit down to a table with a slaveholder, nor admit him to religious fellowship; that he could not sleep in his bed, if he knew that taking the chair at that meeting could be construed into sanction of the support given to slavery by the *churches* of America, WHICH Rev. Albert Barnes had truly declared to be responsible for its continuance. Rev. J. Burder, also bore his testimony against slavery, and said that on no consideration would he have appeared at this meeting, unless persuaded that, by so doing, he was in no way compromising his anti-slavery principles. You will perceive from the tone of these speakers, that there is some real anti-slavery *feeling* amongst us, but that the different sects still stand sadly in need of light respecting the connection of religious organizations in America with slavery, and of the injurious effects produced by extending to them British countenance and coöperation.

Copies of the Edinburgh Tract on Turkish Missions were sent by the British and Clifton A. S. Society to about twenty-four ministers and other gentlemen, who were thought likely to attend the meeting on behalf of the Western Asia Mission, with a note bespeaking a careful examination of the statements concerning the American Board. The President of the A. S. Society was privately informed by Mr. Ball (the Chairman of the meeting), that one Baptist minister of influence had in consequence declined taking part in the proceedings, on the same ground; and the names of others who staid away, and who refused to read from their pulpits a notice of the meetings, have been given; but no one but Mr. Armstrong would undertake the disagreeable and unpopular task of publicly explaining the reasons that existed for discountenancing coöperation with the American Board of Missions in the great work of evangelizing Turkey.

The following is the amendment moved by the Rev. George Armstrong, but not seconded:

Whereas, this meeting having just grounds for regarding the agency of the Rev. Cuthbert Young in behalf of the Western Asia Mission Society as more or less connected with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—a fact sufficiently revealed in the "Circular" issued by an association recently formed in London, chiefly at the instigation of Rev. C. Young, and by the marked satisfaction thereat expressed on the part of the American Board of Missions in its official notice of the proceedings of that body — and whereas, the American Board of Missions, representing, as it does, the leading religious denominations of the United States of America, which, as a whole, have been grievously faithless to the cause of the down-trodden slave, and have been justly described as "the bulwark of American slavery"; therefore,

Resolved, That this meeting refuses to extend its sympathy or coöperation to an agency so tainted; and would testify its interest in Christian missions in the East, either by independent British agency, or coöperation with the "American Missionary Association" established in New York; of which Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the brother of Mrs. Stowe, is an influential member and supporter.

* [See the First Page of this No. of the *Standard* for an extract from the article referred to.—EDS. STANDARD.]

CUBA AND THE ADMINISTRATION...No. III.

By a treaty concluded between Great Britain and Spain in 1817, Spain consented to abandon and suppress the Slave Trade, Great Britain agreeing on her part to pay two millions of dollars as an equivalent to Spain for the loss of the trade; and for the capture of several Spanish slavers prior to the treaty. The money was paid, and the king of Spain issued a decree prohibiting immediately all slave trade in that part of Africa north of the Equator, and everywhere after the 30th of May, 1820. Other treaties upon the subject were made from time to time by these powers, with provisions more and more searching and stringent, in proportion as experience disclosed new modes of evasion, and new and more horrible forms of cruelty, resorted to by the man-stealing pirates to escape capture and punishment. These treaties, and the laws passed in pursuance of them or bearing on them, provided for the mutual search and seizure of slave-ships, belonging to the respective parties; they established mixed tribunals, consisting of one commissioner of each nation, with an umpire in case of disagreement, for trying the vessel seized; they denounced the penalty of death on the part of Great Britain, and ten years imprisonment on that of Spain, against their respective subjects, who should engage in the slave trade; and on the part of both, forfeiture of all slave-ships, which were to be broken up and demolished. The reason assigned for not applying the same penalty to Spanish as to British slave-traders was, that the Constitution of Spain had defined the cases for capital punishment, and slave-trading was not among them. The stolen men, women and children, found on board, were to be set free.

This feature contrasts strongly with a prominent one of the principal anti-slave-trading act of the United States. That act directed the officers seizing slave-ships to place the captives found on board, "at the disposition" of the Governor of the State, where they might happen to be brought. Now, it always happened that they were brought to a slave State; and it is a humiliating and a damning fact, that many cargoes of captives, rescued by our national vessels from the clutches of pirates, were sold by order of Southern Governors, and the proceeds put in their State treasuries! Thus the very "Act to prohibit the importation of slaves into the United States after the first day of January, A.D. 1808," often boasted of as the first of its kind in all the world (which is not true), ordered slaves *to be imported* indefinitely, and insured the consummation of every piratical enterprise, which might be undertaken against the lives and liberties of the innocent and most unhappy persons, whom we made this impious mockery of protecting! The explanation of this paradox is, that the spirit which moved the United States to abolish the foreign slave trade, was a *slave-trading* spirit. It was not humanity, it was not religion. It was mainly to make the *domestic* slave trade two or three hundred per cent. more valuable, by giving to American slave-generators and human-flesh-jobbers a monopoly of the home market, surrounding it with men of war, coast-guards and penalties, ranging from forfeiture of vessel, ten thousand dollars fine, and two years to seven years imprisonment and death. The proof (if the general history of our galloping corruption under the driving of the Slave Power were not of itself sufficient) is found in the fact that the State of Virginia, the great mother of slaves, was the author of these laws, and the other old slave-breeding States their most zealous supporters. The slave-buying and consuming States had no interest in this policy except an adverse one; because by their favourite free trade applied to "slaves and souls of men," they could have stocked their plantations at *one-half* to *one-third* of the prices which they are paying and have paid for the last fifty years! No doubt their professional patriots, who are always ready to sacrifice for the general cause all that they have n't got, thought that the effect of the restriction would be to strengthen the interests of slavery generally, bind together the slave-breeding and consuming States in a community of power as well as danger, and place at their disposal inexhaustible funds, chiefly fleeced from Northern working-men, for the relief of distressed candidates for public service. This vigilant class were not slow any more than the *Caleb Cushings*, who form their precious counterpart North, in finding out "*that thing* in this government, which pervades, colours and controls ALL ITS MEASURES AND OPERATIONS."

For the *sordid* motives of this slave-trading legislation the North is in nowise responsible, for she lost her legitimate share in the trade without getting like Spain an indemnity. But for committing the recovered lambs to the tender mercies of the wolves, she is mainly responsible. That she might have averted. She ought to have made the welkin ring with remonstrance, but she said not a word; and hundreds of trembling captives, twice stolen and twice betrayed, were delivered over to Southern Governors, as Job was to the hands of Satan, but without a saving clause for their lives! Under the direction of slave State laws, United States Judges decreed their sale, in some cases, for prize money to our naval officers! And there, in the pockets of our navy and in the treasuries of those States, the price of innocent blood is yet; there, in the rice-swamps, and sugar-mills, the victims of this double diabolism drag their chains to this day, if they have not bequeathed them to their children.

The law stood thus for eleven years, and was then reënacted by such men as "would not reënact the will of God." In the following year it was repealed by the exertions of the old Emancipation Societies; but even then the great and mighty sovereignty of Alabama was so stuffy about it, that she issued a decree that every man, woman and baby, brought into that State after being rescued from pirates, should be sold and put into their treasury! This law was passed *four years* after Congress had repealed the act authorizing such legislation on the part of any State; and for aught we know, it still stands on the statute book of Alabama. That State is shocked and disgusted at the idea of any "higher law" than that made by Congress, but she is not ashamed of a lower one.

As a nation, we have done things worse than what is here described, because they were done on a larger scale, but we never did and we never can, if we live to the age of Nineveh, do anything more flagitious in principle. If we have not sunk so low that redemption cannot reach us, we shall yet make perquisition for those persons, and redeem every one of them as we would our own souls.

It must be confessed that, for many years, the stipulations and edicts of Spain remained a dead letter, except so far as they were enforced by British cruisers, without coöperation, and even without opposition, from the Spanish authorities. But the continued and increasing reclamations of the British ministry and press, have induced the Spanish Government to address itself with an appearance of earnestness to the performance of its engagements. The late Captain-General *Pezuela* caused the rescue of several hundred newly arrived captives, and distributed rewards to the officers and soldiers effecting it. He caused the slaves of the island to be registered, an obvious and indispensable preliminary to the abolition of the traffic.

From the former reputation of *Gen. Concha*, the present Captain-General, we should expect that he will carry out the policy commenced by his predecessor. During his former administration, he was said to set his face against slave trade. He retired poor from a post, where the temptations to corruption or extortion are probably unequalled. It is not true, however, as has been stated, that the Captain-General receives, or ever received, "one or two doubloons" for every captive smuggled into the island. *One* doubloon is paid without law, and against law and treaties, but it has always been divided into four equal parts, one for the Captain-General, if he will take it, one for the collector of the port of arrival, one for the harbour master and one for the coast-guard.

The class set free in consequence of being brought to the island contrary to law and treaties are called *emancipados*. Great Britain has maintained them for twenty years. An officer, called Superintendent or Protector of liberated Africans, whose duty it is to provide for their comfort, and watch over their rights and interests. A receiving ship is also kept for their shelter and security, till they can be provided with places, where they will receive instruction and some wages, which is ordinarily effected in one of the British West India Colonies.

It is not merely to arrest the slave-trade that Great Britain has a right to interpose, but also for the release of all who have been brought in and are held contrary to law and treaties, i. e., since 1820, and some between that year and 1817; in other words, about *four-fifths* of all the slaves on the island. Great Britain has temporized, out of tenderness to the situation of Spain and the extreme delicacy and complication of the question, arising from the predatory and incendiary policy of our Government, and the precarious allegiance of a portion of the white population; but she has made perpetual claim, and she is not famous for abandoning claims once set up. Indeed, she is more noted for enforcing unjust claims than giving up any just one.

The decision in our Amistad case illustrates the position of Great Britain in this matter. There the slaves were discharged by the United States Court, because they had been imported into Cuba, contrary to the laws of Spain, i. e., subsequently to 1820. In point of fact, they had been in the island but a few weeks. It is a burning shame that a United States Court could find no other reason for pronouncing them free. If white American slaves had mutinied, pitched their keepers overboard on the coast of Barbary, and, shaping their course for home, had arrived at a port in Connecticut, would they have been delivered up on proof, by a barbarian of *Tripoli*, that "service or labour was due" to him from them by *the laws of that State?* If they would not, then the whole course of arrest, prosecution, and nearly two years' imprisonment, of those African heroes and helpless children, was as flagrant a tyranny as was ever committed by Nero, and, a good deal meaner than any recorded of him. An indemnity is due to *them*, not to their stealers, who every year besiege Congress, backed, of course, by the man-stealing States.

The people of this country possess no definite idea of the extent of the Cuban slave-trade, except those of them who are concerned in it; and these do not impart their knowledge. No outsider can ascertain the amount of an illicit traffic, still less of the plunder of pirates. According to the best information accessible, the importation since 1835, when "the equipment clause," providing for the seizure of vessels, which have no slaves and never had any on board, but yet are *equipped* for slave-trade, took effect, the importation has been as follows:

1835—31,150	1840	
1836—27,049	to	52,027, or an average of 7,432
1837—31,593	1847	per annum.
1838—28,000		
1839—25,000		
1846—14,470		

Within the last 20 years, the number has fluctuated between 1,000 and 31,000, according to the characters of the successive Captain-Generals, who have held office from 1 to 4 years each. Under *Gen. Valdes* slave-trade so nearly ceased, that by the English it was pronounced extinct. *Count O'Donnel* opened again every possible sluice to slave-trade. He was the same man who betrayed the Constitutionalists in 1823, and went over with his command to the French and Ferdinand VII. He was a leader in the late revolution, and is now a minister. Wherever he is, or whatever side he takes, no good to humanity is to be expected of him. D. L. C.

ERRATA.—In No 1, for "army, navy and military of Cuba" read army, navy and *militia*, &c. In No. 2, for "Antonius Pius," read *Antoninus* Pius. Insert the sentence beginning with these words, "Perhaps Mr. Badger's," &c., after the sentence ending with these words, "free quadroons;" so that the correct passage will read: "While we have adopted all the rigours of the Roman law, we have effaced nearly every vestige of its alleviations. They did once exist to some extent in the Louisiana Territory, with a very important amelioration engrafted by Louis XIV., viz., that the children of slaveholders by their slaves should, together with their mothers, be free. This was the reason why so numerous and well educated a body of mulattoes was found in Hayti at the time of the revolution; and why New Orleans has been so long renowned for its beautiful quadroons. Perhaps Mr. Badger's surprising amendment to the Nebraska Iniquity, was intended to prevent the possibility of the revival under the old French law of so inconvenient a heresy as natural affection."

CONNECTICUT, on Monday last, elected four anti-Nebraska members of Congress—the whole delegation—by a fusion of Whigs, Know-Nothings and anti-Douglas Democrats. There was no choice of Governor by the people, but the Fusionists elected at least 18 of the 21 members of the Senate, and two-thirds of the members of the House. The sham Democracy have now no foothold in New England. We shall see, ere long, what comes of the efforts of the Hunker wire-workers to bind the North anew to the Slave Power under cover of Know-Nothingism.

THE PROHIBITORY LIQUOR BILL passed the Senate on Tuesday, yeas 21, nays 11. The House will now have to act on several of the Senate's amendments, but there is no doubt that the two Houses will come to an agreement. The law is safe.

W. W. BROWN IN OHIO—THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

Correspondence of The Anti-Slavery Standard.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Although I have not been in this State more than ten days, I have met eight fugitives making their way to Canada, over the Underground Railroad. I had an hour's conversation with a party of these, last week, who were seeking freedom on the other side of *Jordan*. One of them was a woman nearly white, with a fine infant in her arms, much whiter than herself. A few days before her escape, her husband and an only daughter, the latter about seven years old, were sold to a slave-dealer and taken to the far South. The idea that, in all human probability, she would never behold her husband again on earth, and the thought that her child was beyond her pitying eye, and where its sorrows could not be alleviated by her hands, and that that beloved daughter might some day be the mother of a race of slaves, made her feel sad, and, like Rachel, refuse to be comforted. This fugitive in the land of her birth was one of the finest looking women that I have thus far seen in the West. She had an expressive and int

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXV.

THE ARGUMENT.—State of the Loring Removal Matter—Fair chance to criminals—Distinction between Slaves and Slave-Commissioners—Mr. Dana's Argument—Judges and Inspectors of Fish—Philosophy of Removals—The Argument from the Inaction of Massachusetts—Who caused it—Duty of Legislature under these circumstances—A Magnificent Parallel—The State Trials—The Tribe of Benjamin—The Criminals—Judges Phillips, Parker, &c.—Supposed motives of the culprits—Temptation of the Old Shoes—Signs of Repentance on one side—Hardened impenitence on the other—The Stake tribe—Justice to Judas—What the Correspondent cannot tell—The Parliament at Cambridge, and its doings and Dissolution—The Professors sound—A K. N. Committee at School—And Schooled for it, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, April 2, 1855.

OUR Loring business still furnishes me with food for letter-writing. We have not done it up entirely, yet. But we hope that it is in a good train and that it will yet have a happy issue. There is no occasion for being in a hurry. Such an Act of Justice ought to be done deliberately and solemnly. A Slave-catching Judge of Probate should have all the time and consideration that he denied to the Slave he catches. It ought not to be a Summary Process, like that provided by the Fugitive Slave Bill. And Mr. Loring has had every advantage he could ask. As a Judge tells a criminal when he passes sentence of death upon him, he has had the assistance of able counsel and all necessary time and opportunity for his defence. Mr. Richard H. Dana, junior, made out as good a case for him as he could; but I think it failed to convince anybody who was not of that opinion before. The Removal of Judge Loring is asked for on the ground that a man who would do so bad a thing in so very bad a way is not fit to be entrusted with the interests of the widows and orphans of the city of Boston. I do not see that Mr. Dana made any impression on the argument of Mr. Phillips on this point. It is a matter of opinion in which I hope the Legislature will differ from Mr. Dana. I trust they will be of opinion that the presence of a man who could be guilty of the weak wickedness of that decision on the Bench is a greater injury to the Judiciary than his Removal could possibly be. Indeed, the main *gist* of his argument rests on the Bar-bred notion of the especial sanctity of certain men because they are called Judges! As if there were any more divinity hedging the character of a Judge than that of an Inspector of Codfish! All the honour lies, in both cases, in the way in which the parts are acted. And it is just as much the duty of the Legislature to remove a Judge who has shown himself unfi, for his place, or who has lost the just confidence of the people, as it is the Governor's to remove a Fish Inspector for the same reasons.

Mr. Dana's strongest argument in favour of the retaining of Judge Loring is, that the State refused to condemn, and forbid action under, the Fugitive Slave Bill, or to take any additional measures for the Protection of its citizens, after the Sims Case. But his argument has only an appearance of a foundation. For the last two years, by political trickery, aided by a lucky combination of circumstances, a small minority of the State had got th, control of its affairs. This minority was governed by precisely the *clique* in Boston that has *coaxed* and petted Judge Loring and made him what he is. The State, for those two years, was completely under the thumb of the Webster Whigs, who, of course, would do nothing that should stultify themselves. And now that the people have risen, tired of this rule much more than afraid of the Pope, and kicked their riders into non-entity, Mr. Dana would have them foreclosed by the inactivities of the old *regime* from expressing their real sense of things. It was not Massachusetts that refused to do what Honour and Justice and Self-Respect demanded of her. It was a handful of men in Boston, not more than ten or a dozen in number, who had acquired the accidental power of dictation, among whom were a large proportion of the blood relations of Judge Loring. If he were worsted by this state of things, surely it was not the fault of the Commonwealth, and if e suffer any detriment from his action in cor quence of it, it is they, and not the State, tha should make him whole. And there is no doub, that they will do it. Instead of being bound by the action of the minority that had possessed itself of the power of the State, the Legislature is bound to protest against it. And there is no more effectual protest against ill-gotten and ill-used power than the summary punishment of its tools, however safe they may have felt themselves in their iniquity. This logic of Mr. Dana's ("*Parra con., onere magnis*") would have saved the heads of Strafford and Laud, and of Charles himself, from the axe which, posterity has about settled it, did them no more than Justice. But it is none of my business to preach. The question comes up in the House to-morrow for discussion, and, probably, before my next letter you will know the result. It is almost too much to expect of a Legislature; but, I do verily believe that they would only represent their constituents fairly by this Act of Justice, and hope they may be strengthened to do it. If they do, it is the most hopeful sign of *stamina* that Massachusetts has shown since the Revolution.

I believe that to-morrow is set down for the beginning of the trials of those two notorious offenders, Benjamin R. Curtis and Benjamin F. Hallett. There are several indictments against them and different Judges will preside at the several trials. Judges Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker and Thomas W. Higginson, are among the more prominent of the magistrates under whose auspices they will proceed. The unhappy culprits had better fall into the clutches of Minos, Æacus and Rhadamanthus. Still, there is no doubt that they will have perfectly fair play, and it is earnestly hoped that justice may be done in the premises. It is supposed that Mr. Justice Higginson will preside at the opening trial. Various conjectures have been ventured as to the motive which could have induced so experienced a hand as the former of these malefactors to put himself in his present unhappy predicament. Some think that he was led into it by his confederate, a villain of a robust type, who hoped to finger yet more of the plunder of our common Uncle Samuel, if he could implicate in his plot some one who had some pretensions to character left. But, it is generally believed, in well-informed quarters, that he was seduced into the scrape by the hope of obtaining the reversion of a pair of old shoes, on which he had set his heart, now worn by one Roger B. Taney, a Papist, resident in Baltimore. It is perfectly notorious to all who have any knowledge of such matters, that the parties who will have the disposal of the said old shoes, after the present wearer is done with them, would much sooner give them even to Hallett than to him. In fact, that it is a moral impossibility that he should even stand in them, under any circumstances. Yet, such is the blindness of this class of persons, that this Curtis, though by no means either ignorant or stupid, has been for years following a course of conduct and committing a series of actions which must end in his shameful punishment, in the vain hope of earning them. Let his example be a warning to heedless youth how they set their affections on the havings, especially the old shoes, of their neighbours!

It is but just to say, however, that he has shown some signs of compunctious visitings, or, at least, some symptoms of a sense of having made a blunder, since he has brought himself within the clutches of Justice. I hope it may be genuine repentance, but fear that it may not be more effectual than that of Prior's Thief,

"Whose Repentance would scarce save his bacon;
'Twas not that he murdered, but that he was taken!"

However this may be, he, or his friends for him, have been making superhuman efforts to excite sympathy for him and to turn the public sentiment in his favour. The *Daily Advertiser*, in particular, has deployed its columns into line to cover his position, and has fired tons of metal of the heaviest description at his adversaries. I am afraid that they have rather overdone their business and overargued their client's cause. They certainly endangered the lives of those friendly persons who ventured upon the task of encountering the deadly weight of the argument. But it is understood that the other criminal, Hallett, remains in the most hardened state of mind, and is evidently resolved to die game. Indeed, he belongs to that class of which Mr. Snake, in the School for Scandal, was a specimen, whose whole prosperity and hope depend on the badness of their characters, and who beg any one who knows of their doing a good action by accident, not to do them the injury of mentioning it. The following story which is going the rounds of the Boston gossip, and which I have reason to believe is true, will illustrate the impenitent frame of this criminal's mind and the way in which he is generally regarded. A prominent member of the Boston Bar, meeting this unfortunate man one day, said to him, "Well, Mr. Hallett, how do you feel about your Trials which are coming on soon?" "O," replied Hallett, "I feel in excellent trim. Everything is going right. I know," he continued, "that people abuse me and call me names. But I don't care for that! I hear that I am called Judas, among other things! Let them call me Judas—it does n't distress me!" "*You!*" returned the other, "of course, it does n't trouble *you*; but how do you suppose *Judas* feels about it?"

I shall write again of these things, after they have come to pass. The fact is, I have only too much to say just now, and must leave it all unsaid. How a minority of the Law School at Cambridge, in Parliament Assembled (as they call their Debating Society), composed of Slaveholders and Doughfaces, put through, in a most disorderly and disgraceful way, a series of Resolutions endorsing Judge Loring, which his friends, in their lack of aid, were obliged to hail as some great things. But, unfortunately, these Apprentices to the Law tried their 'prentice hand a little too much, and undertood to box the ears of the Overseers of the College. With such an example as that of Loring before their eyes, it would not do for the Law Faculty to pass over this affront to the Power that makes and unmakes Professors—and so they exercised their Royal Prerogative and Dissolved the Parliament. But you will be happy to hear that these learned gentlemen made it very clear that they sympathized with all the Slave-catching *animus* of the Resolutions, and only censured the disrespect to the authorities. Then there is the Domiciliary Visit of a Committee of our Know-Nothing Legislature, with a crowd of auxiliaries, two omnibus loads, to a Catholic Girl's School in Roxbury, which has been no small occasion of fun to the enemy. The proceeding was conducted with no great regard to the proprieties of life. The discussions in the General Court about this matter have been very rich; but you must go to the newspapers for them. I must stop here.

D. Y.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

THE LATE SLAVE CASE IN CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, March 29, 1855.

THERE has been an unusual number of "slave cases" here lately, but nearly all have resulted in returning the persons claimed to slavery. The two slaves, Alfred and Emanuel (the two men of whom I spoke in my last), were detained several days upon a writ of *habeas corpus* from the Superior Court. The questions involved were ably argued by some of the most eminent lawyers in our city (Hon. S. P. Chase and Judge Walker appearing for the coloured men), with the expectation that the main point, at least, would have been decided by Judge Storer, viz., whether a man held as a slave in one State can be brought into Ohio, by or with the consent of his master, in any case, without becoming a free man. Whatever the decision might have been, the matter would have been carried to the Supreme Court, either by the counsel for the negroes or the claimant, and thus a final and authoritative decision would have been obtained so far as this State is concerned. Instead of this, the men, having been previously questioned in private, in presence of one of the counsel on each side, as to their wishes, were similarly questioned in open Court, and their right explained to them, and were told they were at liberty to go where they pleased. On their expressing a wish to go with their master, a carriage was soon brought to the door, into which they stepped, and, with their owner and a Deputy Sheriff, were soon driven to the river and safely taken to the Kentucky side. The slaves were told indeed that they *were free*, but not until their masters had had repeated interviews with them, had appealed to their fears and hopes, and threatened them with continued separation from their nearest relatives still in slavery, if they chose to remain in a free State. No decision either was made on the great points involved in laboured arguments of the counsel.

The owner of these men is Rev. Mr. Harle, a minister of the Campbellite persuasion, and one of the slaves is a member of his own Church! He had them both chained, while on the wharf at this place, and it has been jocosely remarked that he wished to bind the sheep of his flock to prevent them from straying from the fold.

Another case has since occurred, which has caused much excitement this week, and of which the end is not yet. Rosetta, the alleged fugitive, is claimed by the Rev. Henry M. Dennison, son-in-law of Ex-President Tyler. She was taken to Columbus, some three or four weeks since, by his agent, on her way to Wheeling, by railroad, the ice preventing her conveyance from this place by the river. There she arrived on a Saturday evening, and was kept over Sunday, no trains leaving on that day, and being brought before Judge Jamison of the Probate Court, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, was discharged; the Judge deciding that the act of the agent, in bringing her *needlessly* into free territory, entitled her to her freedom. The Court also appointed a guardian over her, Mr. Van Slyke, of Columbus, with whom she has been since residing. While absent from the house of her guardian, for a few minutes last week, she was arrested by the U. S. Marshal, at the instance of her *Reverend* master, who swore out a warrant against the girl as a fugitive. She was brought to this place, and the trial of the case before the U. S. Commissioner, Pendery, was set for last Monday, the 26th inst., but meanwhile the friends of the girl applied for a writ of *habeas corpus* to Judge Parker, of the Court of Common Pleas, which being granted, the case was heard on the 28th and 29th, and resulted in the girl being declared free and restored to the care of her guardian.

At the request of the counsel for the guardian, the Court instructed the Sheriff to have the girl delivered safely to her guardian, and, his residence being the Woodruff House, she was taken there by a strong *posse*, some squares distance from the Court House, attended by an immense crowd, chiefly of coloured people. She had been but a few minutes in the custody of her guardian, when she was again taken by the U. S. Marshal, with a writ ordering her before the U. S. Commissioner, The case was brought before him to-day, but, owing to the "outside pressure," that functionary postponed the examination to Tuesday, April 3d. This, you see, is a highly interesting case. Never before have the State Courts and the United States authorities been brought into such close collision. Shall the State and State Rights yield? is the question. We look with interest for the result. Yours, P.

[We have the conclusion of the case of Rosetta by tele graph. It seems that, after the re-arrest of the girl by the United States Marshal, Judge Parker issued a second *habeas corpus*, when that functionary refused to bring her into Court on the ground that he held her by authority derived from the United States. Judge Parker then imprisoned the Marshal for contempt. On Tuesday last, Commissioner Pendery, not daring to defy public sentiment by attempting to enslave the girl, disappointed the expectations of the *Rev.* kidnapper by announcing, as his judgment, that the girl having been brought into the State by the agency of her master, was not a fugitive, but entitled to her freedom. She was then delivered to her guardian.—EDS. STANDARD.]

Our Philadelphia Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, March 27th, 1855.

MESSRS. EDITORS: At the risk of overstocking you with communications from this goodly city of saints and sinners, I have taken the liberty of electing myself an Occasional Correspondent of the *Standard*, modestly proposing to stand back and give place, when others, whose rights are more clear, or their subjects of greater importance, claim your attention. No further apology need be made, I trust, for bringing to your notice, at intervals, such occurrences as may from time time arrest attention, or the train of thoughts which they may induce.

One of these events is the commotion excited in our community, as well as in yours, by the announcement of recruiting offices having been opened in each city, for the enlistment of men for the British army in the Crimea. A large amount of virtuous indignation has been expressed in and through the public press at the temerity of the act, and we are informed that the Office in New York is already closed, from an apprehension of the myrmidons of the General Government, or of the city. The office here is still open, I believe, nor do I know that it can, with any show of honesty, be closed, while our Government is fully cognizant of the existence of another recruiting party, for foreign service, which advertises openly, from No. 93 Walnut street, for recruits, under the name of emigrants, to take forcible possession of a portion of Nicaragua, or Central America. These last, however, instead of giving a "bounty" in advance to the recruit, require one from him. The *advance* to be made by the "emigrant" for the expense of his passage and outfit, including a *rifle and fixens*, was at first set down at $50, but, whether recruits came in too slowly who were provided with the needful sum, or the projectors grew more liberal in their views, by reason of funds derived from other sources, it is now advertised to be but $25. A young man who offered his services was told that the organization would be arranged on the system and with the discipline of a military corps, and continue in force for one year, by which time any resistance which might be offered to their occupancy of the country would be fully overcome, and the territory divided among the *emigrants*, in tracts of 640 acres to each. My informant enquired what title they would possess to the land other than that of conquest, and, if such were its nature, might not all take as much as they could? This appeared to be a case or query not open to discussion, the acting agent merely suggesting that the services were not expected to be arduous, and, therefore, the quantity proposed would be a sufficient compensation.

By what course of reasoning our officials can discover that this is an innocent and legitimate project, instead of an armed invasion of a country with which we profess to be on terms of peace and amity, and yet, that recruiting for the British army is a "violation of neutral rights"—might exercise the acumen of a "Philadelphia Lawyer"—to me it is an impenetrable mystery.

Business in most of the mechanical and manufacturing departments is rather dull, and many are out of employment, who, in their desperation and want of moral principles, would, without hesitation, join this band of marauders (though Kansas and Nebraska are inviting the free-labourer to exclude slavery from them), were it not for the inexorable requirement of the $25 for outfit. Then we might be favoured with the spectacle of an armed body of men leaving our shores, with purposes as honest as those of the ancient Norsemen, who invaded the shores of France and England, from twelve to sixteen hundred years ago, or of Cortez, Pizarro, Sam Houston and Nicholas Romanoff in later days. That our government will interfere to prevent the consummation of their schemes I have not the remotest expectation. If their object is to extend the area of freedom, by annexing more slave-territory to the Union, the work will be considered too meritorious by those in authority, to permit any obstacle to be thrown in the way of its success. Such is the infatuation for *extension* and *annexation*, that at a recent anniversary at Concert Hall, when a young aspirant for literary fame was expatiating on the future of our country (a favourite subject with the fledglings of genius), he prophesied the early annexation of Cuba, which was received with lively applause, by the portion of Young America in attendance, although neither the speaker nor his hearers could have given a single reason for such gratulation other than *proximity*, which would embrace the whole Continent, if not the whole world, as readily as that much coveted island.

Our municipal election is likely to call forth the opposition of all parties who do not belong to the secret organization, against the so-termed *Know-Nothings*, as the administration of city affairs for the past year has been no credit to its officials, nor by consequence to those by whose agency they had "greatness thrust upon them." But it will be difficult to get honest and capable men elected in their stead in a society where so many men have "axes of their own to grind." In the organization of our consolidated city, the Councils were extremely liberal in the creation of offices and still more liberal in the salaries attached to them. As human nature is, and has been, much the same in all ages and countries, the truth of the assertion made eighteen hundred years ago, cannot be doubted (whether its character of revelation be or not), that "where the carcass is, there the eagles will be gathered." High salaries for sinecure offices prompt all the idly inclined to seek for "situations" at the public expense; and, as a preparatory step, to resort to all means, whether honourable or otherwise, for the accomplishment of their ends. This corrupt crowd manage the preparatory meetings, and make the nominations to suit their own views, and all that the sober, honest, industrious portion of the community are required to do is to come to the election and vote for these nominees. And so it must be until public officials are required to earn honestly the amount of salary which they draw from the public treasury.

A paragraph in the correspondence of the *Public Ledger* of this morning states, that our friend C. C. Burleigh has been appointed Harbour Master for the city of New York, by Gov. Clark.* Can it be possible that, in New York, an honest, capable and energetic man can be appointed to office without being connected with any party or political organization? This is doubtless an age of progress, but such a step in advance appears too great for our belief. What will Capt. Rynders say? If non-voting Abolitionists can be appointed to lucrative offices in the great commercial emporium, well may the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Herald* and the *Express* groan and howl. If the "*Union*" is not in danger, the reign of Satan is, and his satelites (including the *Observer*) should array themselves in sackcloth and besprinkle themselves with ashes. Such appliances might tend towards their purification, and thus benefit their readers and the community at large.

At the Philadelphia Institute, 18th and Chesnut streets (which was opened, for the first time, a week ago), Park Benjamin proposes to give a lecture on "the age of Gold," this evening, to be followed by two others this week, on subjects not yet announced. He has been amusing our citizens in two several courses of lectures this winter, before the present, but I have not heard him, though, so far as I can learn, he touches off the follies of the times, its fashions, its crimes—saving and excepting the master crime of slavery, which may not be in accordance with his taste or altogether agreeable to his auditory, though numbers, doubtless, would be gratified to see him give such evidence of having a soul.

Our publicans are in tribulation and mourning, in consequence of the very fair prospect of the passage of the "Act for the suppression of Tavern Licenses," now under Consideration in the Legislature, which, it is hoped, will prove a "*prohibatory law*," so far as grog-shops, drinking-saloons, tavern-bars and all such divices of the Evil-one are concerned. It is considered by the friends of temperance to be all that we can demand from the result of the vote given upon the question at the last general election. Though this measure falls short of our wishes, it is a potent sign of progress when we can exhibit manhood enough to refuse to license crime. When we can have a State and National Legislature composed of sober men, we may hope that more regard will be paid to the claims of justice and honour in our domestic and foreign relations than has heretofore obtained while so large a number of sots and bar-room patriots have succeeded in procuring seats at our several Capitols. When the power of the "wine cup" is overcome, the power of slavery is weakened, for they have heretofore mutually sustained each other. We may not live to write their obituary, but may we not hope to see them manacled and confused—no longer preëminent in power and place, but objects of loathing and disgust to a vast majority, embracing all of the truly respectable of our country. The world moves but we are only sensible of its motion as it brings us into relation with other portions of the universe; in the altitude of the sun, the lengthening days and occasional eclipses—so we observe in the moral world, by looking back at the land-marks of the several years, that though we have encountered partial obscurations at times, yet even Franklin Pierce may see and understand that there is a moral progress which such as he can neither obstruct nor withstnd without being overwhelmed and lost to view beneath the onward wave.

NEMO.

Footnotes:

*This error was corrected in last week's *Standard*. W. H., and not C. C. Burleigh, is the person appointed.—ED. STANDARD.]

*See last week's *Standard*, first page, first column.—ED.

†Marion Harland.

From our Southern Correspondent.

Woman and Slavery—Slave-children as Servants—Marital Rights and Slavery—Northern Women and Slavery—A Young Southern Authoress on Slavery and Woman's Sphere, &c.

NEW ORLEANS, March 15, 1855.

Editors of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

I HAVE explained why it is that Northern Travellers in the slave States so often return with pro-slavery opinions. How comes it that Southern Women who suffer so much by slavery, should support and defend it? That is the question to which I shall devote this letter—or as much of it as is necessary for a reply.

I lately sent you a copy of the *Daily Delta*, in which appeared an anti-Abolitionist article.* The writer quoted a paragraph from Mrs. Swisshelm's journal, in which that Editress, on the authority of a Presbyterian clergyman, made one of the most extraordinary statements relative to the women of the South, that I ever read or heard of. She writes that a young Southern lady, in speaking of the several rival candidates for her hand, said, that she did not think that one of them would make a good husband because he had no slave-children! On being interrogated by this unnamed theologian as to her meaning, she answered, it is said, that it was usual for Southern gentlemen, before marriage, to have children by their slaves, whose destiny or duty it was to attend on their wives! It is added that the lady made this statement as if it was a matter of course rather than a startling assertion. I believe, sir, that nine out of every ten persons who read that anecdote instantly muttered that they did not believe it, or ejaculated that it was a falsehood of that class of lies that are frequently preceded by an adjective which is the anthesis of *blessed*. None of your readers will be apt to class me with pro-slavery writers. Even Mrs. Swisshelm, if she peruses my correspondence, must acknowledge that I am an uncompromising Abolitionist. Yet I believe that the statement she published is *untrue*. She owes it to her own reputation and to the cause of Abolition, to compel the clergyman she refers to, to endorse his statement with his name, and to mention at least, the city and State in which the "Southern lady," who made amalgamation the test of masculine amiability, resides. At present, such an anecdote is a pro-slavery argument. Publicly endorsed by its original narrator it will be an equally powerful anti-slavery ally. The public are always willing to believe a personal statement, rather than an anonymous assertion.

I believe that it is untrue, because I have studied Southern society with patient industry, for the special purpose of ascertaining the influence of slavery on the relation of the sexes of the dominent and subjugated races; and, although I have acquired knowledge which it would be neither expedient nor possible to print in a journal with a general circulation, I never once heard of such a practice or even seen symptoms of such a laxity of ethical opinions as would result in so unnatural a toleration of the unlegalized indulgence of the passions. If womans' nature is the same everywhere, Mrs. Swisshelm's anecdote is untrue. I don't profess to understand the better half of humanity—in point of fact, the dear creatures who compose it have always been a puzzle to me—but this I do know, that, for one sin, there is no forgiveness with them. The noblest of them, cannot endure any evidence of the previous pure love or impure passions of their liege lords—unless, indeed, that love was sanctioned by the laws of the land. We have known good step-mothers but what man ever saw a wife cherish the illegitimate child of her husband? What man who always attentively watches the "unspoken utterances" of the eye, has not heard its "soundless voice" tell of a woman's soul's pang when the name of a previous "lady love" of her husband was accidentaly alluded to? It is, I think, ridiculous, to believe that any matron, North or South, could see with indifference the illegitimate offspring of her husband around her, especially when their mothers are still in his power. The anecdote may be true; but the inference drawn from it is not so.

Mrs. Swisshelm says, also, that experience has shown that southern woman are even more earnest opponents of Emancipation than southern men. I think so, too. It is the case, everywhere. Women as a class are conservatives. A woman has said that her sex cannot reason; that they "are persuaded because they *feel* that a truth exists."† Perhaps this is the reason of their conservative tendencies; for prejudice is often mistaken for truth—and reason and observation alone can distinguish the false from the apparently true.

On this question of slavery, reason is silent in the Southern States. Argument on one side is prohibited alike by public opinion and legal enactments. The friends of Freedom are forced to cherish their political ideas in secret; or are publicly punished by the most ignominious insults if they dare to avow them. The prophets of the olden time were stoned; the Abolitionists of to-day are tarred-and-feathered. In the true sense they are not insulted but honoured, for "it is the crime and not the scaffold that is a disgrace." But such honours are not generally coveted, and the voice of truth is silent in the Southern land.

On this question of slavery, observation, also, is denied to the woman of the South. If the ladies of the Southern States saw slavery as it is, "our Harriet" would instantly be acknowledged as the leader of the most invincible "Light Brigade" that the world ever saw. Slavery would be swept from the face of the earth in less than a year. This glorious South, instead of being the chosen land of obselete ideas, would gladden the whole world with its sunny philosophy; it would no longer cherish a theology worthy of its birth-places—the damp, subterranean, unhealthy, God's light-excluding cells of the ignorant, bigoted and diseased bachelor-monks of a dark and barbarous age—but would cheer the human race with its heart-felt reiteration of that celestial truth which was announced at the birth of the holy Founder of Democracy—GOD IS LOVE. That classic State which gave Washington to the world, instead of being a second rate political power; instead of presenting the appearance of a decaying land; instead of being the property of a small clique of haughty aristocrats, who still speak of the People as if Jefferson was yet to be born; instead of deriving its chief revenues from robbing the poor and weak of their wages, of their toil and—oh! shame, thou nurse of this People's Saviour from oppression!—of the fruits of their *love*, too; instead of electing orators to defend her sins and denounce the opponents of her criminal endeavours to extend the plague that so long has weakened and is now prostrating her—instead of this, the proud old mother of States and statesmen would once more be equal to her sisters in the National Council, not in right of an ancient compact, but in consequence of her inherent power; her wilderness would bloom with civilization again; her unsightly homesteads would be replaced by houses fit for the residence of her lovely daughters; her indolent feudal landed proprietors would be obliged to give place to the industrious, democratic farmers that are now hewing out States in our far Western Territories; the doctrines which her Jefferson proclaimed would be believed and practiced at home and abroad, and her men of intellect would be the Vanguard of Liberty throughout the world. Virginia would not profit more by the eradication of her cancer, than her sister States of the South.

But the ladies of the South see slavery as it is *not*; and these desirable changes are yet to be effected. Justly, said William North, that the life of man to woman is one long hypocrisy. Every man knows this truth—or, if he does not, let him read the lady novelist and be convinced! The ladies of the South have no idea of the immense immoral influences that the institution of slavery exercises over man. They know that it does not injure *their* morals—they imagine that men also escape its influences. Men have not the manliness to undeceive them. Men only know that chastity in the South is a virtue entirely monopolized by the ladies of the ruling race. Very few men would have the manliness simply not to *deny* this fact if it was uttered—"which it could n't well be"—in the presence of a Southern woman. But, denied or not, it is a *fact*. I defy any young boy to live in the South and remain ignorant (I use ignorant in its ante-diluvian sense) till the age of manhood.

Mrs. Douglass would not stand alone in her womanly protest against slavery if her sisters had seen as much of its domestic effects as she. For young unmarried men are not the only sinners whom slavery creates in the Southern Sates. Married men South, like Benedicts everywhere, oftener do evil in the sight of the Lord than we young bachelors, who are erroneously supposed to be the chief of sinners in that respect.

Southern ladies never see the most obnoxious features of slavery. They see only its "South-Side View." They never attend auctions, nor are they ever present in the prison yards when slaves are sold by private bargain.

They are confirmed in all their educational prejudices, by pro-tyranny slavish-souled Northern men, and especially by the violent anti-Abolitionism of Northern women, more ignorant than themselves when travelling in the South.

What they defend as slavery is an ideal thing, which they suppose to be a peculiar institution of the South. What they denounce as Abolition is an ideal creed of error—a sum of all moral villanies—which they imagine to form our articles of faith.

Women, as a class, are believers. They dislike scepticism. They seldom doubt. This peculiarity makes Southern ladies pro-slavery in politics. They seldom see the hidden evils of slavery; they are informed, day after day, in their parlours, by their papers and from their pulpits, that it is a Divine Institution, and productive of unalloyed good. They believe. Thus it is that they make such astounding assertions when they write of it—assertions which every man who has personally investigated the subject reads with mingled feelings of amazement and deep sorrow. Mrs. Tyler, for example, in her reply to that—don't erase my epithet, Mr. Editor!—that tyranical representative of a class of hateful oppressors, the Duchess of Sutherland,* boldly asserted that females were seldom or never separated when sold into slavery. I have no doubt that she believed her statement to be true. Yet, a greater falsehood was never written. I have spoken with at least one hundred Virginia slaves in the Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama, who were sold from their wives—often from their wives and families, in the very city from which Mrs. Tyler's letter was dated.†

I wish you would consult the last census with the view of discovering whether, population and climate considered, there are more bachelors and old maids in the South than in the North. I will tell you my reason for the request when you comply with it!

Southern women, as a class, defend oppression because they know not what they do. There are exceptions—as the following paragraph which I clip from the city news department of the *New Orleans Delta* will prove:

"ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—A slave girl, named Henrietta, was arrested at the request of her mistress, Mrs. Julia Mardi, and brought to the guard-house for safe keeping, she having attempted to drown herself in the well of the yard. She is badly bruised and cut, and says that her mistress did it."

I shall conclude my letter by illustrating my position by a quotation from a Virginia novel, written by a young lady of Richmond, which is selling very rapidly in the South and England, although it is comparatively unknown at the North. It is entitled, "ALONE: By Marian Harland." It is said to be her first attempt at authorship. Its sketches of life in Virginia are correct and vivid pictures. Its characters are ably described. It does honour to her heart and head; and gives promise of a future of great usefulness—or evil. For Marion Harland is too earnest in her opinions to be silent; and too strong, intellectually, to be a powerless advocate of truth or error. Shall this noble young spirit—for such her book proves her to be—be an ally of the rich and powerful oppressor, or a champion of the poor and unfriended slave? We fear. Ida, the heroine of "Alone," is a noble Ideal of womanhood—but the authoress describes her as a slaveholder and tacitly defends the peculiar misfortune of her State. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true," that the sophisms which are unceasingly scattered into the soul of every Southerner and resident of the South, have sadly dulled her naturally delicate perception of the Right and Noble. It is melancholy to see how infinitely higher than the "common herd of mankind's" morality is Ida's sense of honour as exhibited in her indignant rejection of Richard Copley's scheme of revenge over her successful rival in love, and then to find her at the *denouement* "settling down" for life to subsist in luxury—without even the suspicion that it is *mean* to do so—on the profits of the compulsory and unrequited toil of her slaves.

—But I find that I have already filled more than my allotted space. In my next communication I shall return to the subject, and criticise this young authoress's defence of slavery.

JOHN BALL, JR.

*[*No, we let the epithet stand if only to correct, what we believe is, the error into which our correspondent has fallen. He undoubtedly confounds, as many have done before him, the present Duchess of Sutherland with her late mother-in-law the Countess of Sutherland, who inflicted so much wrong and suffering upon her Highland peasantry by banishment. EDS. STANDARD.]

†Richmond.

PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—The meeting held last Sunday in Philadelphia, to consider the principles, purposes and measures of the Religious Society of Progressive Friends, was numerously attended. Brief addresses were made by Oliver Johnson, Mary L. Cox, Dr. Stam, Thomas Curtis, B. Rush Plumly and Lucretia Mott. Joshua Hutchinson contributed much to the interest of the occasion by singing two very appropriate reformatory songs. The bearings of the new movement upon the various reformatory efforts of the time are such as to enlist the sympathy and cooperation of many earnest persons, who, weary of the prevailing sectarianism, are longing for some higher, purer and broader platform of religious association. Mrs. Mott expressed the wish that other meetings, of a similar character, might be held in Philadelphia; a wish in which many others heartily concurred, and which, we hope, will be gratified.

THE BURNS TRIALS.

Correspondence of The Standard.

U. S. COURT ROOM, Boston,
Tuesday, April 3, 1855.

THE trial of MARTIN STOWELL, of Worcester, charged with resistance to the U. S. Marshal of this District, in May last, in the case of Anthony Burns, commenced this morning. Mr. Stowell was present, and the indictment was read to him; but as no jury is yet empannelled, he was not required to answer. A motion to quash the indictment was immediately made by the counsel for defendant, on five distinct grounds, alleging illegality and fatal defects of several kinds therein. The Court signified its readiness to hear argument in support of the motion, and one of the counsel (Mr. Burt) proceeded to make the argument.

The Court consists of Judge Benj. R. Curtis, of the U. S. Supreme Court, and Judge Peleg Sprague of the U. S. District Court. U. S. District Attorney Benj. F. Hallett, aided by a Mr. Merwin, acts for the Government. Counsel for the defence, Hon. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, John A. Andrew, Esq., and —— Burt, Esq., both of Boston.

The trials of Rev. Mr. Higginson, of Worcester, Rev. Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips, of Boston, are expected to follow the above. M.

CUBA AND THE FILLIBUSTERS.—The discovery of the plot to take the life of the Captain-General of Cuba and then to revolutionize the Government, and the summary execution of Pinto, the leader of the conspiracy, while it has caused a fearful excitement in the island, has not had the effect to stay the proceedings of the Fillibusters, who seem determined to accomplish their darling purpose, if possible, at all hazards. The following telegraphic despatch, from Washington to the *Tribune*, contains the latest intelligence:

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, April 3, 1855.

I have trustworthy information from the South to the effect that the plans of the fillibusters are not affected by the recent discoveries in Cuba, nor by the severity with which Gen. Concha is punishing their accomplices in the island. I am informed that a large expedition is about to sail from New Orleans and other Southern ports. Stores of arms and ammunition have been sent forward to an island near Cuba, and as soon as advices are received that these articles are safely landed, the men will set out. The military organization is represented as being complete, and many of the officers have seen service in the American army. I am promised a perfect list of the force as soon as it has set sail.

There is a report that the Spanish Government has resolved upon immediate measures for the abolition of slavery in Cuba, but we do not credit it. We have no doubt, however, that the Captain-General is empowered, in case the island is attacked by the Fillibusters and the measure is deemed necessary to its preservation in the hands of Spain, to arm the slaves and promise them freedom as the reward of their valour.

THE KANSAS ELECTION has resulted in the triumph of the pro-slavery party. No doubt extensive frauds have been perpetrated, of which we shall hear particulars in due time.

Summary.

Gov. Barstow of Wisconsin has vetoed the Prohibitive Liquor Law.

The *Cincinnati Columbian* says that "Nineteen fugitive slaves passed through this city last week on the underground railroad; fifteen of them were one lot."

The Paris correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser* says that the health of Martin Van Buren, Jr., who is now there with his father, is in so precarious a state, from confirmed consumption, that but little hopes are felt that his life will be much longer preserved.

SLAVE CASES IN CINCINNATI.—The Probate Court has issued an attachment against the captain of the steamer Falls City, who had nineteen slaves on board his boat on Sunday evening, at the wharf, and prevented the sheriff from examining the boat until the slaves were conveyed in a yawl to the Kentucky shore.

DOMESTIC WANTS.—Americans having friends resident in England or on the continent of Europe, are always amused at the strange orders they receive from their European acquaintances. One of the last orders received in Boston, by the friends of a wealthy American family residing in England, was for a few pounds of American saleratus. A Yankee family, living in London, recently sent to Boston for a few Shaker Brooms and three Hingham buckets. The father of the family sent for one of Emerson's razor strops.

Horace Greeley is lecturing in the far West. He goes, next month, to Europe, to rejoin his family, who have been spending the winter in England. He will probably be present at the opening of the Great Exhibition at Paris, on the first of May. As a proof of the interest taken by the public in his career, we may add that the "Life of Horace Greely" has sold to the extent of 24,500 copies, and is still selling at the rate of 1,000 a week.

INDIANA.—An important suit under the present Liquor law was decided in Terra Haute, lately. It seems that a liquor-seller had sold a man brandy, from the effect of which he fell into the canal, causing congestion, from which he died. The jury awarded the plaintiff (widow of the deceased) damages to the amount of five hundred dollars. A righteous verdict. —*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

ANOTHER KANSAS PARTY.—The third party of emigrants for Kansas, under the auspices of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, left this city yesterday afternoon, by the Fitchburg Railroad. The party numbered about 100, exclusive of children, and departed in fine spirits, singing Kansas songs. A St. Louis paper of the 22d inst. says there were probably not less than two or three thousand emigrants, at that date, wending their way towards the new territory, and calculates that fifteen or twenty thousand will find a home there this Spring.—*Bost. Tel., 28th ult.*

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—Since the passage of the Nebraska bill, elections for members of Congress have been held in fourteen of the free States. The result has been the election of only twenty-one supporters of the Administration, of whom six are opposed to the bill; and of the remaining fifteen, the seats of two—Hill of Iowa, and Allen of Illinois—will be successfully disputed. On the other hand, the Opposition have elected one hundred and seventeen, which Connecticut and Rhode Island will probably increase to one hundred and twenty-three.

NEW COALITION IN MAINE.—The Bangor *Jeffersonian* says a new coalition is in progress in Maine between the "Wildcats," i. e. the Hunker Democrats, and the "Phebe Miles Whigs," i. e. the pro-slavery Whigs. It says: "The seedy sachems of these two defunct political parties recently held a meeting, in Augusta, at which (the 'regular' Democratic State Committee being present, and acting in entire harmony with their 'equals,' the Feds) 'a new democratic platform' was erected, a 'fair division of the offices' agreed upon (when they shall come into power?), and the whole *modus operandi* of the next State campaign definitely marked out!"

IMPOSITION OR FRAUD.—The Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer* publishes a long letter, denunciatory of the Massachusetts Know-Nothings, purporting to be from Judge Loring, of Massachusetts, signed, however, Geo. B. Loring, which it passes off as from Edward Greeley Loring, whom the Abolitionists of Massachusetts are trying to remove from the State Judgeship, because

Miscellaneous Department.

THE TRUE STORY OF L. E. L.

In his recently-published "Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington," Dr. Madden gives the following letter, containing a full account, by Lady Blessington, of L. E. L.'s position, "as she had it from the one only person to whom the unhappy Mrs. Maclean confided the misery endured in her African bondage":

"GORE HOUSE, January 29, 1839.

"MY DEAR MADAM: Indisposition must plead my excuse for not having sooner given you the sad particulars I promised in my last; when that cause for my silence had subsided, the dangerous illness of Lord Canterbury threw me into such alarm and anxiety, that it is only to-day, when letters from Paris assure me that he is recovering, that I feel equal to the task of writing.

"Poor dear L. E. L. lost her father—who was a captain in the army—while she was yet a child. He had married the widow of an army-agent—a woman not of refined habits, and totally unsuited to him. On his death, his brother, the late Dean of Exeter, interested himself for his nephew and niece—the sole children left by Captain Landon; and, deeming it necessary to remove them from their mother, placed the girl (poor L. E. L.) at school; and the boy at another. At an unusually early age, she manifested the genius for which she afterward became so deservedly popular. On leaving school, her uncle placed her under the protection of her grandmother, whose exigence rendered the life of her gifted grandchild anything but a happy one. Her first poetical effusions were published many years ago, and the whole of the sum they produced was appropriated to her grandmother.

"Soon after, L. E. L. became acquainted with Mr. ——, who, charmed with her talents, encouraged their exertion by inserting her poems in a literary journal, with all the encomiums they merited. This notice drew the attention of publishers on her, and, alas! drew also the calumny and hatred of the envious, which ceased not to persecute her through her troubled life; but absolutely drove her from her native land. There was no slander too vile, and no assertion too wicked, to heap on the fame of this injured creature. Mr. ——, a married man, and the father of a large family, many of whom were older than L. E. L., was said to have been her lover; and it was publicly stated that she had become too intimately connected with him. Those who disbelieved the calumny, refrained not from repeating it, until it became a general topic of conversation. Her own sex, fearful of censure, had not courage to defend her; and this highly gifted and sensitive creature, without having committed a single error, found herself a victim to slander. More than one advantageous proposal of marriage was made to her; but no sooner was this known, than anonymous letters were sent to the persons who wished to wed her, filled with charges against her honour. Some of her suitors, wholly discrediting these calumnies, but thinking it due to her to refute them, instigated inquiries to trace them to the original source whence they came; not a single proof could be had of even the semblance of guilt, though a thousand were furnished of perfect innocence. Wounded and humiliated, poor L. E. L. refused to wed those who could, however worthy the motive, seem to doubt her honour, or instigate inquiry into her conduct; and, from year to year, dragged on a life of mortification and sorrow. Pride led her to conceal what she suffered; but those who best knew her were aware that, for many months, sleep could only be obtained by the aid of narcotics, and that violent spasms and frequent attacks of the nerves left her seldom free from acute suffering. The effort to force a gaiety she was far from feeling, increased her sufferings even to the last. The first use she made of the money produced by her writings was, to buy an annuity for her grandmother—that grandmother whose acerbity of temper, and wearing *exigence* had embittered her home. She then went to reside in Hans-place, with some elderly ladies, who kept a school; and here, again, calumny assailed her. Dr. M., a married man, and father of grown daughters, was now named as her paramour; and, though his habits, age, appearance and attachment to his wife, ought to have precluded the possibility of attaching credence to so absurd a piece of scandal, poor L. E. L. was again attacked, in a manner that nearly sent her to the grave. This last falsehood was invented a little more than four years ago, when some of those who disbelieved the other scandal, affected to give credit to this, and stung the sensitive mind of poor L. E. L. almost to madness by their hypocritical conduct. About this time Mr. Maclean became acquainted with her, and after some months proposed for her hand. Wrung to the quick by the slanders heaped upon her, she accepted his offer; but he deemed it necessary to return to Cape Coast Castle for a year before the nuptials could be solemnized. He returned at the expiration of that term, renewed his offer, and she—poor, dear soul!—informed all her friends, and me among the number, of her acceptance of it, and of her intention of soon leaving England with him. Soon after this Mr. Maclean went to Scotland, and remained there many months without writing a single line to his betrothed. Her feelings under this treatment you can well imagine. Beset by inquiries from all her friends as to where Mr. Maclean was, when she was to be married, &c., &c., all indicating a strong suspicion that he had heard the reports, and would appear no more. A serious illness assailed her, and reduced her to the brink of the grave; when her —— wrote and demanded an examination from Mr. Maclean.

"He answered that, fearing the climate of Africa might prove fatal to her, he had abandoned the intention of marrying, and felt embarrassed at writing to say so.

"She, poor soul! mistook his hesitation and silence for generosity, and wrote to him a letter fraught with affection; the ill-starred union was again proposed, but on condition that it should be kept a secret even from the friends she was residing with. From the moment of his return from Scotland to that of their departure, he was moody, mysterious and ill-humoured—continually sneering at literary ladies—speaking slightingly of her works—and, in short, showing every symptom of a desire to disgust her. Sir —— remonstrated with her on his extraordinary mode of proceeding; so did all her friends; but the die was cast. Her pride shrunk from the notion of again having it said that another marriage was broken off; and she determined not to break with him. Mystery on mystery followed; no friend or relation of his—though an uncle and aunt were in London—sanctioned the marriage; nay more, it is now known that, two days previous to it, he, on being questioned by his uncle, denied positively the fact of his intention to be married.

"The marriage *was a secret one*, and not avowed until a very few days previous to their sailing for Africa; he refused to permit her own maid, who had long served her, to accompany her, and it was only at the eleventh hour that he could be induced to permit a strange servant to be her attendant. His conduct on board ship was cold and moody; for her broken-hearted ——, whom I have seen, told me that the captain of the ship said that Mr. Maclean betrayed the utmost indifference toward her. This indifference continued at Cape Castle, and what was worse, discontent, ill-humour, and reproaches at her ignorance of housekeeping met her every day, until, as she writes to her ——, her nerves became so agitated, that the sound of his voice made her tremble. She was required to do the work of a menial; her female servant was discharged, and was to sail on the day that the hapless L. E. L. died. She has come to England. L. E. L. thus writes her ——:

"'There are eleven or twelve chambers here empty, I am told; yet Mr. Maclean refuses to let me have one for my use, nor will he permit me to enter the bed-room from the hour I leave it, seven in the morning, until he quits it at one in the afternoon. He expects me to cook, wash and iron; in short, to do the work of a servant. I never see him until seven in the evening, when he comes to dinner; and when that is over, he plays the violin until 10 o'clock, when I go to bed. He says he will never cease correcting me until he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under heavy trials, bad.'

"This was the last account Mr. —— ever received. Judge, then, of his wretchedness.

"It is now known that Mr. Maclean had formed a *liaison* at Cape Castle with a woman of that country, by whom he has a large family; such *liaisons* are not considered disreputable there, and the women are treated as wives. This person lived in the castle as its mistress, until the arrival of Mr. Maclean and poor L. E. L., when she was sent off up the country. This woman was the niece of one of the merchants who sat on the inquest. All the servants, with the exception of the man and his wife, brought out by L. E. L., were the creatures of the former mistress; the whole of the female natives detest English women, because the presence of one there banishes them from the society where they are tolerated in their absence.

"Mr. Maclean admits that indisposition and mental annoyance must have rendered him far from being a kind or agreeable companion to poor Letitia; but adds that, had she lived a little longer, she would have found him very different, as he was, when not ill, and not tormented by various circumstances, which he does not explain —easy and good-tempered to a fault. He says, that never was there so kind or so faultless a being on earth as that poor, poor girl, as he calls her, and that he never knew her value until he had lost her. In fact, his letter seems an answer to charges preferred against him by the departed; and, what is strange, the packet that brought the fatal news, brought no letter of recent date from her, though she never missed an opportunity—and they occur rarely—of writing to him. Her letters—all of which have breathed the fondest affection for him—admit that she had little hope of happiness from her stern, cold husband. I have now, my dear Madam, given you this sad tale. I have perused all her letters to her ——, as well as Mr. Maclean's to him. I ought to add that, when they landed in Africa, Mr. Maclean set off, leaving his wife, and proceeded to the castle to dislodge his mistress and children. The natives were angry and offended at seeing their countrywoman driven from her home. Believe me, my dear Madam, your ladyship's very sincerely, M. BLESSINGTON."

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

TO A DAISY.

"The Daisie,
That well by reson men it calle maie
The Daisie or els the eye of the day."
—CHAUCER.

I FOUND thee far upon an English field,
Sunning thyself upon that golden day
When, through idyllian meadows rich and green,
I wandered from the city wide astray.
In the bright air above,
Unseen, the skylark trembled in the sun,
Yet o'er his ditty sweet of joy and love
I heard him warbling run.

Then, ere thy name was told
By her who reigns within thy realm a queen,
Whose fitting crown were a red daisy-wreath,
Woven of blooms gathered in meadows green,
Warm, summery suns beneath,
With loving divination I divined
Thou wert the daisy of my boyhood's dreams,
But which I then had never dreamed to find
By English streams.

And, wandering far through other lands, I found,
Under the shadows of the walls of Rome,
Thy sister-blooms that broidered all the ground
Above two English hearts that far from home
Were buried there;
And, later still, I gathered others where
The Switzer's little son, with eyes of blue
That spoke the language of his German heart,
Found them amid the dew,
Uttering thy name in his sweet stranger-tongue;
His heart its little song of loving sung
And in that harmony beat well its part.

And where the Neckar and the lordly Rhine
Went winding down together to the sea,
I found on German ground fair sisters thine
That turned my heart to England and to thee.

Now, in the dreamy Indian Summer here
In this wild western land,
Musing of Chaucer and old Saxon times,
With book in hand
Bright with the beauty of the "Flower and Leaf,"
I sing this songlet brief
Of thee, oft sung in many a hundred rhymes.

H. W. G.

THE EMPEROR IS DEAD!

From the London Times, March 3.

THE Emperor of Russia is DEAD. As these words speed through this land it will scarce be twenty-four hours since the troubler of the earth was called to his account. How he died, in what agony of body or of soul, we shall never know. In that dark despotism scarcely one ruler has yet resigned the rod of power without giving occasion to some new tale of horror. The character of the succession agrees but too well with the confessed conspiracy against the liberties of mankind. Emperor after Emperor rises by we know not what law, deriving his mission from some nameless cabal, and disappearing, by we know not what death, at the moment when his course seems to be run, and the failure of one movement demands rest and opportunity for another. But, from whomsoever Nicholas received his fearful task, he has done it with no negligent hand, and must ever stand forth, even in Russian annals, as the conqueror, oppressor and disturber of nations. As such it is impossible not to receive the tidings of his death, we will not say with a vulgar and thoughtless congratulation, but with a sense of momentary relief, and a dawn of hope. Never, indeed, since the beginning of this century was the aspect of Europe more gloomy, more disheartening, than yesterday morning. Never were the hopes of mankind more flung back on the deep sense of a righteous cause, and of a strong resolution to defend it at all hazards. Now, at least, we know that one stubborn will is broken, and one mental world of evil machinations gone from our firmament. The daring schemes of Peter the Great and the impious visions of Catherine may still plague the earth; the traditions of conquest may still be cherished, and the promises of superstition be believed by willing votaries; yet at least one terrible presence, one active mischief, *vultus instantis tyranni*, is mercifully withdrawn from us, and nations are permitted once more to breathe free.

It is easy to imagine how this has come to pass, without having recourse to those darker suggestions that irresistibly obtrude. The last that we heard of this potentate was that, with undiminished strength and exasperated energy, he was arming all Russia to the struggle, and even preparing to present himself in the terrible arena. Suddenly we hear that his thousand legions are beyond his reach, and that Sebastopol—though for some days hence it will not know it—has lost the great mind that so long had cherished it, and that watched over it with so keen a solicitude. It can hardly be doubted that, as he had been foretold, the Emperor has fallen a victim to the struggle which, in one short year, has cost not much less than a quarter of a million souls. He had already sustained his great part beyond the usual tenure of his race and the ordinary reign of conquerors. There was something portentous in the spectacle of one man holding so large a portion of the Old World, and still extending his conquests, still stretching his policy, at the age of sixty, and after a reign of thirty years. Great conquerors have commonly been cut short either by the stroke of disease, or the hand of an assassin, or the fickleness of fortune, at a much earlier age, and it seemed something reserved for this century to see one continually spreading the meshes of a subtle policy and an iron dominion wider and wider for a whole generation. But man has his limits. Flesh and blood are not equal to the grasp of ambition and the scope of the mind. By the concurrent testimony of all who have known the Emperor Nicholas, he was such a man as the ancients magnified into a demi-god—herculean in his very frame, of uncommon stature, beauty and grace, born to be a king of men—such an one as our own William the Conquerer, or even as Charlemagne. Nothing this world can supply for itself or borrow from the unseen was wanting to feed his ambition, to exalt his genius, to assist his undertakings. From the beginning of his reign he showed that he inherited and grasped, as in one possession, all the accumulated hopes and illusions of his dynasty. Secure as he felt from the West, he prepared at once for the conquest of the East. One check after another only taught him to lay deeper the foundation of dominion, but for thirty years he has never ceased, above ground or under ground, to push his scheme of universal empire. The race, however, was with time, and when he found his own life ebbing apace, at the approach of an epoch which for ages had been designated for the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent at Constantinople, he could no longer restrain himself, and broke loose, as a river from its banks, for the conquest of the world. We do but anticipate the calm judgment of posterity when we describe the particular act which began this unhappy war, by saying that on a mere pretence, and in open contempt for the law of nations, the Emperor invaded, spoiled and seized the territory of a neighbour, and not only justified, but compelled the interference of the Western Powers, who otherwise would have had, in their turn, to fight a harder battle nearer home.

For these two years all Europe has beheld with increasing astonishment how one man, assuming and exercising all the attributes of absolute power, and, therefore, having himself alone to rely upon, could maintain that single-handed struggle against a world of statesmen, diplomatists, generals and admirals, representing all the art and science of the civilized world. Collecting continually fresh determination and vigour from each phase of the struggle, yet provoking a still deeper phalanx and still wider circle of foes, he stood at last in a position of which it is not too much to say that, as regards either side, and as respects either the questions at issue or the tremendous armaments employed, the world has not seen the like before, or anything near to it. But then, as in the famous statue of his great ancestor, having surmounted the dizzy height, he stood with the precipice before him. The alternate blows of the conflict have indeed thickened of late. Nation after nation has heard the call to arms. England has changed an Administration of peace for one of war, and has taken for her chief the worst reputed enemy of the Czar. Her disasters have only quickened her animosity and her zeal; she is sending another army, she is doubling her navy, substituting iron for wood, and preparing to enter every inlet and harbour in Russia; she is taking measures as if for a permanent settlement in the Crimea, and sending the iron heel of the locomotive to insult the sacred soil. France is dispatching legion after legion, and her Emperor is on the point of braving the fury of the Czar in his own cherished stronghold. Austria has shown the "gigantic ingratitude" which Russia was some time since warned to expect. Prussia is at least no longer safe to Russia. A smaller State has contributed 15,000 men to the Allies, without even the ceremony of declaring war. Thus, the whole world is rising, in succession, against the common enemy. At this last passage of his fortunes, we have seen the Czar ever rising with the occasion; defending his policy, protesting against that of his foes, opening negotiations, fighting at once with words and with arms, weighing phrases and organizing measures. We have just seen him stamp, as it were, on the ground, and call new armies from its surface. We have seen him arm the whole empire. We have seen him set in motion the whole of his million armed men toward the south, directing routes, and preparing magazines at the extremity of his empire; we have seen him send two sons to the battle, and even, it is said, prepare himself to follow; we have seen him pledge to the very utmost the credit of his Empire to obtain the necessary resources; there is not an act of Government or of conquest that we have not seen him perform on the direst emergency and the vastest scale. Seriously menaced along many thousand miles of frontier by land and by sea, the enemy within sound of his capital, with his fortresses beleaguered or actually destroyed, his commerce shut up, his merchants ruined, he nevertheless, with his own vast intellect, directed the whole war and maintained the resistance of that one ægis, as it were, against innumerable dangers. There never was the man—nay, we hope there never will be—of such an adamantine frame as to stand this superhuman task. In this fellest struggle and this darkest hour the Emperor Nicholas, still tightening his ken, still wielding more gigantic weapons, still calling louder to his vassals, and rising higher in his tone, at the fullest tension of his heart, mind and soul, and every sense preternaturally quickened to the last, has suddenly succumbed to the law of mortality, snapped at full bend, fallen at full flight, and, like that most formidable foe of his house, whose representative, by a strange chance, he has seen once more invading his soil,

"Left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

A POET'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

THERE are many things we like to have *done just once*—not to die in ignorance and go to another planet where there may be no such thing—and my country life is newly enriched, at present, with one such experience. I mention it, for I was surprised into it, and shall probably never do so any more; and the historian, besides, may like to be helped to the fact: *I have made a speech at a political meeting!* You will think at once of a pump giving out water from the handle—my refreshment for the thirsty world finding its way from the wells of thought, habitually, by quite another channel—but, listen to my confession.

With the morning's pucker of work to unkink, and an hour-ago's dinner to remind of its more active duties, I was galloping over the snow towards Newburgh (3 P. M., February 10, 1855), as mere a republic of animals, me and my horse, as ever formed themselves into "united States"—the majority (of legs), however, as usual, not having the upper hand. At a fork of the road, the minority (that wore the spurs) came to a halt, to let pass a double sleigh. In it several of the leading Newburghers, bound to the village beyond, to attend a public meeting—one that had been announced for the discussion of the present vexed question—*whether the county should be divided.* "Would I go?"—"vote wanted probably, countenance certainly"—"owed it to neighbours to take part in their public interests"—"supercilious not to"—"duty to country at large"—"health and exercise second to patriotic obligations." Well—yes, I would! (though I had never in my life, been in a political meeting, and did not know whether it was opened with a hymn or the reading of the Declaration of Independence) for once, I would!

As I trotted along after the big sleigh, I took rather a more general view than ever before of my dependencies as a one-vote inhabitant., Equidistant from three villages, Cornwall, Canterbury and Moodna (a mile, say, from Idlewild to each), we are subject of course, to three times the usual amount of "local influences," most of which, thus far, have been very agreeable—including even the road-labour claimed exclusively by each of the three Path-masters, and amounting, all three, to no more than this branch of public indifference seems to me to require. The three sets of village gossip, at whose triple mercy we are, treat us tenderly, I believe—perhaps because we might appeal from a severe one to the other more merciful two. To a coroner from either one, in case my vicious horse succeeds in his ardent endeavours, I trust I should be sadly welcome. Of the two plump and popular Bonifaces of Cornwall and Canterbury (for Moodna, though it has three factories and a Post-office, has no public-house), I enjoyed the jolly friendship, with un-grudged use of tie-post and any other stand-up-for-me that occasion may require, I have every reason to suppose. The village tailor of Canterbury, who has made all my clothes for the last three years, is my friend, I know—and to be counted as two, for he and his goose are the oracles of the neighbourhood in their showy emporium of the Fashions. With the freighting interests on the river, the lumber and butter interests "up back," the influential storekeepers, and the spontaneous boys (who, in all three villages, have treated me with affectionate familiarity from the beginning), I think I have my share of political and country influence. On the whole, I was rather pleased with the character of the virgin vote I was about to give, and trusted that the bridegroom question, under such softening power, would soothe down into a spirit of love and accommodation.

The village looked quite astir around the tavern as the sleigh ahead of me jingled up. There was a spare post, where my horse could amuse himself with Scott's plate of the Fashions in the tailor's window, while the sunshine added its persuasion to the tie-strap in keeping him quiet; and, leaving there this dictateable and unrepublican half of my usual identity, I crossed over to my twenty-millionth of duties as an unmounted republican—mentally apologizing to my country, of course, for the two monarchical spurs which I trusted would escape notice, and which made my heels contradict the republican respect for the majority.

Public spirit was very lively among the decanters as I entered the bar-room, and a large majority of those present were addressing their fellow-citizens. The shake of hands I found quite unanimous; and, the republic thus recognised all round, we turned to the opposite door, where John Synes, the rosy landlord of Cornwall, stood announcing that all was ready. He led the way and America followed up two pair of stairs. The meeting was to be held in the garret, that being the largest room in the house and appropriated usually to any chance overflowings of company—the "double beds" being of indefinite accommodation, either for sleepers or sitters-down. Seeing a stupendous brass knocker on the *inside* of the door, I inquired its use, and found that the garret was used also as a Freemason's Lodge; though what secret is hidden under a brass knocker which communicates information only to those outside, I did not very definitely understand. As the crowd poured in, I found a comfortable seat for myself on a wooden bench, under the corner of the roof, and the Public being distributed about among the beds and other furniture, we voted in a Chairman and Secretary, and proceeded to business.

The question was the proposed division of the county, or the creation of a new *Highland county*, which should have Newburgh for its county-town. Old Orange County, with Goshen for its official capital, is something like many an English family under the law of primogeniture, where the eldest son (Goshen with fifteen hundred inhabitants) has all the honour and consideration, while a younger son (Newburgh with twelve thousand inhabitants) is bigger and worthier. Americans-like the people begin to fret at this perpetuation of a superiority unsupported by its original claim. But, besides this republicanism of the question, the Highland corner of the county wants the change for *convenience*. Newburgh is on the river—Goshen twenty miles back. We go to Newburgh with our produce and business every day—to Goshen only when compelled as jurymen or litigants at law. With courts and records at Newburgh, we should save the expense and travel to that out of the way town in the back country, besides having a handsomer county-town six times as big, and named after the green *Highlands* that enclose us, instead of after a Prince of *Orange*, whose memory smelt mouldy, long ago.

Of course there was an opposition. The Goshen interest, and the lawyers whose fees and field were larger in proportion to the remoteness and inconvenience, had been stirring early. Two ideas (quite as many at a time as the mind of here and there a man has room for) had been industriously whispered about—one addressed to the pride, the other to the pocket. "A bigger county-town was going to cost more," and "Newburgh was trying to lord it over all the little towns, and they should n't stand it."

As usual, the more reasonable side had taken the least precaution; and Newburgh had done the unwise thing to send down her best dressed and most aristocratic-looking lawyer to address the meeting. As Counsellor Hasbrouck stepped in front of the stove at the motion "made and seconded" by my friend Synes, I was sorry that there was no concealment for his boots—for they were of a supercilious shape and slenderness that was very little likely to help the question. Of the political influence of such trousers and cravat as formed a visible portion of his address, I had a similarly sad misgiving. He commenced most winningly and deprecatingly, however, and, in a speech of half an hour (during which he replied courteously to the tall stone-mason who built one of my gates, and who walked up and down the room with his hat on, expressing his unqualified disapprobation), he made the advantages of the proposed division reasonably incontrovertible. We Storm-Kingers, particularly, I thought, were shown to be the gainers by the change.

As the elegant counsellor retired once more behind the stove in the corner, there was a call from the chairman for any opposite-minded gentleman who might be inclined to express his opinion. No one answered. Our herculean stone-mason "had the floor," promenading between the big bed and the front of the table, but he was only eloquent in interruption. The Cornwall butcher's fearful elbow was nudged, but he was "not feeling very well." All of a sudden, my friend Synes, the Secretary, up and looked over to our side, and—before I could catch my breath—he "moved and seconded unanimously," that I should address the meeting. Oh, John Synes! And, after all my sympathy, when your tavern on the doc was half washed away with that last-year's ter-spout! But it will not happen again—eith va-lanche—I trust!

My first sensation, when the blood at my heart got upon its legs again, was a staggering of my individual permancy under so many expecting eyes. I felt going to disappear. I had not, at that moment, the slightest intention of complying with my fellow-countrymen's flattering thunder-clap. With a look downward, however, to collect courage to express my thanks and excuses, I caught sight of my boots—boots with no disparagement of another man's boots in them, it struck me at a glance—and I heard the call of my country! Why had Counsellor Hasbruck's undeniable argument been received with dissent vissible in all faces? *It was his boots!* I had seen it! Patroitism—poured ever so glowingly over the tops of such better-than-you-sirs—was not for republican acceptance. It must come from other boots to be recognised and trusted. Mine were there—born for the crisis—twenty-shilling democracy in their very look. By such as these, rescued and borne aloft, the same prostrated banner might wave triumphantly. I felt the mission—in *toe-toe* and to the bottom of my *soles!*

There was quite a silence as I stepped forward. Scarce a man present between whom and me there was not a reciprocal knowledge of length of axle-tree, from daily turnings-out, on the road—yet, accustomed as I was to see most of them with their hats on, their now bare heads looked unfamiliarly awful. "Ladies and Gentlemen," I tried to say, but my voice did not arrive, probably from not being accustomed to bring sentiments from so low down—no pen to twirl for an idea, and my heart being altogether in my boots. There was a second's eternity of embarrassment. I looked at the big mason with his opposition hat on, and felt worse. Far off in a corner, however, stood my friend Hixon, the Moodna blacksmith, who had once devotedly jumped in among the legs of my runaway horses when they brought up against the corner of the bridge, and, with the sight of his tranquil face and the memory of those disentangled traces, my thoughts rallied. He was the "all right" to my powers of speech, as to my sleigh-full of children half tilted into the river. I magnetically took his word for it, as before, and "went ahead."

Of my speech, modesty, of course, forbids me to furnish you with a report. I MADE ONE. That fact, as an un-omitted experience on this planet, is enough for me. Posterity should have sent a reporter if it wished to know more of it. I may confess, however, to being a *little* surprised, that, in the account of the meeting, in the Newburgh papers, the next day, my speech was not even alluded to! Happily for my feelings, the brass knocker and the mason with his hat on were also unmentioned. To furnish History with the niche, however, where my statue as an orator is to be placed, I will add to this letter the paragraph from the Newburg *Gazette* announcing the occasion:

"HIGHLAND COUNTY.—*The Voice of the People!* At a meeting of the citizens of the town of Cornwall, held at the house of J. H. Lane, pursuant to the call of the town Committee on Saturday afternoon, February 10th, 1855, for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of creating a new county, to be called Highland County, the following resolutions, offered by N. P. Willis, Esq., were adopted:

"Resolved, That it is expedient, in point of economy, that the town of Cornwall should be associated in the proposed new county of Highland.

"Resolved, That county lines should be so defined as to subserve the best interests of those inhabitants included within its territories, and that the proposed new county of Highland will greatly facilitate the inhabitants of the town of Cornwall in transacting the regular county business, by bringing the country seat in close proximity to its inhabitants. J. O. ADAMS, Ch'n.

"J. Y. SYNE, Sec'y."

Of course, my handing in one of those resolutions need not be mentioned in any "Ode by George P. Morris" on the subject. Written on top of a hat, they are, to an editor's eye, "miscellaneous." And, indeed, as to the effect of my eloquence, I should rather you would press down your valve till we know whether the question is to be carried. Perhaps they will have a Highland County without the Highlands; leaving us down here in a corner, like a stale end of *orange*-peel—the majestic Storm-King and Cro'nest, republican mountains as they are, namesakes of a Prince of Orange! Boots of all kinds forbid!

Begging for any little side-influence you can bring to bear, my dear General, and trusting soon to be able to date from a "*Highland* County" as well as to live in one,

I remain, yours, etc., N. P. W.

—*Willis's Idlewild Letters, in the Home Journal.*

THAT OTHER PUBLIC.

DICKENS, in an article on 'that other Public'—to which we none of us belong—thus alludes to an autobiography recently published, and applies to it some former remarks of his on this country, and on another well-known person, which strike us as very much to the point:

Ten or eleven years ago, one Chuzzlewit was heard to say, that he had found it (that other Public) on that side of the water, doing the strangest things. The assertion made all sorts of Publics angry, and there was quite a cordial combination of Publics to resent it and disprove it. But there *is* a little book of Memoirs to be heard of at the present time, which looks as if young Chuzzlewit had reason in him too. Does the "smart" Showman, who makes such a Mermaid, and makes such a Washington's Nurse, and makes such a Dwarf, and makes such a Singing Angel upon earth, and makes such a book—does *he* address the free and enlightened Public of the great United States: the Public of State Schools, Liberal Tickets, First-chop Intelligence, and Universal Education? No, no. That other Public is the shark's prey. It is that other Public, down somewhere or other, whose bright particular star and stripe are not yet ascertained, which is so transparently cheated and so hardily outfaced. For that other Public, the hatter of New York outbid Creation at the auction of the first Lind seat. For that other Public, the Lind speeches were made, the tears shed, the serenades given. It is that other Public, always on the boil and ferment about anything or nothing, whom the travelling companion shone down upon from the high Hotel-Balconies. It is that other Public who will read, and even buy, the smart book in which they have so proud a share, and who will fly into raptures about its being circulated from the old Ocean Cliffs of the Old Granite State to the Rocky Mountains. It is indubitably in reference to that other Public that we find the following passage in a book called AMERICAN NOTES. "Another prominent feature is the love of 'smart' dealing, which gilds over many a swindle and gross breach of trust, many a defalcation, public and private; and enables many a knave to hold his head up with the best, who well deserves a halter—though it has not been without its retributive operation; for, this smartness has done more in a few years to impair the public credit and to cripple the public resources, than dull honesty, however rash, could have effected in a century. The merits of a broken speculation, or a bankruptcy, or of a successful scoundrel, are not gauged by its or his observance of the golden rule, 'Do as you would be done by,' but are considered with reference to their smartness. The following dialogue I have held a hundred times: 'Is it not a very disgraceful circumstance that such a man as So and So should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means; and, notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your Citizens? He is a public nuisance, is he not?'—'Yes, sir.'—'A convicted liar?'—Yes, sir.'—He has been kicked and cuffed and caned?'—'Yes, sir.'—'And he is utterly dishonourable, debased, and profligate?'—'Yes, sir.'—'In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?'—Well, sir, he is a smart man.'"

That other Public of our own bore their full share, and more, of bowing down before the Dwarf aforesaid, in despite of his obviously being too young a child to speak plainly: and *we*, the Public who are never taken in, will not excuse their folly. So, if John on this shore, and Jonathan over there, could each only get at that troublesome other Public of his, and brighten them up a little, it would be very much the better for both brothers.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Madame Sand, we hear, has received a warning not to publish in *La Presse* that portion of her memoir which relates to the year 1812 and the retreat from Moscow.

—M. Eugene Sue's romance, "Le Diable Médecin," appearing in the *Siècle*, has been suspended by superior order: the story is said to have given offence in high quarters by its free description of "the luxury that is called prosperity."

—"Cobbett was called the 'bone-grubber,' in consequence of the respect which, with ostentatious bad taste, he paid to the memory of Thomas Paine, whose remains he brought to England from America. Lord Norbury, on being asked what Cobbett meant by importing the bones, is said to have answered, that he supposed he 'wanted to make a *broil*.'"

—A young author of five-and-thirty years of age had prepared, two years ago, an elaborate memoir of Mr. Rogers, the poet, and was only waiting for the poet's death to give it to the public the next day in the columns of a widely-spread journal. Mr. Rogers is still, happily, alive. The youth who had prepared his life, in expectation of his friend's death, has been nearly a year in his grave.

—On the same day and nearly the same hour that the Emperor Nicholas died at St. Petersburg, the veteran Republican Eupont de l'Eure breathed his last at Rougeperrier in Normandy. In accordance with the expressed wish of the deceased the funeral was private; but several of the neighbouring towns and villages sent deputations to pay respect. Gen. Cavaignac and other republican friends assisted.

—The late Lord Robertson is commemorated by Lockhart in his "Life of Scott." It was Robertson who gave the author of Waverley the *sobriquet* by which he was in latter years known among his familiar friends. "Hush," said Robertson one day, as Scott's tall, conical, white head was seen advancing above the crowd in the parliament house to the fire-place, round which a bevy of young barristers were gathered—"Hush, boys, here comes Old Peveril: I see *the Peak*."

—Lord Brougham is about to print, in the edition of his works, now in course of publication, the whole of the correspondence of George III. with his Minister (Lord North) on the subject of the American War. The original letters were lent by Lord Glendervie to George IV., and never returned. The belief is, that "the first gentleman in Europe" destroyed them. Lord Brougham will print them from copies made from the originals by Sir James Macintosh.

—A member of the Associate Societies of Edinburgh University, who, in the name of a section of the constituency, communicated with Mr. Thackeray regarding his nomination to the office of President of the Association, has received a reply from that gentleman, in which he says: "The office to which a body of the members of the Associate Societies of the Edinburgh University would do me the honour to elect me, is hard for any one to fill who succeeds Sir Bulwer Lytton, and I myself am obliged to decline the flattering proposal which you make me; *as, in all probability, I shall be in America during the next Winter and Spring.*"

—The manner in which the Duchess d'Orleans, mourned her husband is well known. Dr. Veron tells us in his new volumes that after his death she would not allow his apartment to be entered by any one except herself. From 1842 to 1848, when its sanctity was violated by the republican conquerors, "Not a piece of furniture changed its place—not an object, even the most trivial, was touched. Near the window of the bedroom was the toilette table of the Prince. Even the water in which he had washed his hands before leaving was left untouched, but had evaporated with time; and the towel which he had used was lying beside it. Near the chimney was a large arm-chair: the Prince had thrown the *Journal des Debats* open into it, and it had not been touched for six years."

—THE EXHIBITION IN DANGER.—The announcement of the Emperor's Crimean trip has caused no small alarm among those who are preparing expensive works for the great Paris Exhibition, the opening of which is fixed for the 1st of May. The impression has gained ground that if Louis Napoleon should leave Paris the Exhibition will not be opened at all; that the opening will be postponed indefinitely; or at all events, that, from the absence of the Court, the affair will lose much of its *éclat*. Some applications on the subject have been made at the office of the Minister of State, and the answer given was, that in any case the Emperor will be back to Paris, ten days, at least, before the day fixed for the opening of the Exhibition, and that he will certainly preside at the ceremony of the opening, which will not be postponed.

—M. De Mirecourt, who is writing the history of his literary French cotemporaries, gives some of them the credit of having very eccentric habits. Scribr, he says, rises at 5 every morning, and works till noon without any interval. Balzac retired to rest every evening at 6, rose at midnight, and wrote till 9 in the morning, and after breakfasting resumed his pen till 3, when a walk of two hours, and dinner at 5, brought him again to his bedtime. Alfred de Musset, when asked for "copy" for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, would say: "Send me fifty francs and a bottle of brandy, or you will have none." The next morning the *prose* required would be finished, and the brandy bottle also. Alexander Dumas sits in his shirt-sleeves from morning till night writing in a remarkably fluent manner, without blot or erasure. As *improvisateur*, Mery is only second to Dumas. It is stated that he wrote a play in four days that had a run of one hundred nights.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—Appropriately does Dr. Lardner quote the singularly beautiful words of Job—"Canst thou send the lightnings that they may go and say unto Thee, Here we are!" Job xxxviii. 35. The Electric Telegraph Company alone have now organized communications over 4,625 miles of country—this involves the use of 25,233 miles of wire. In the six months ending June 30, 1854, they had received £62,435. The telegraphic wires of various companies now reach from Aberdeen in the north to Viterbe and Corsica in the south. From Cork in the west to Lemburg and New Orsova in the east. They reach from Konigsberg in the Baltic to Marseilles and Toulon in the Mediterranean. These wondrous wires are now being laid over the bed of this great inland sea, and will shortly unite Africa and Europe. Reaching Egypt, they will quickly extend still further eastward. In our Indian possessions 3,000 miles of telegraph are now in course of construction—these will eventually, without doubt, meet the wires from Egypt—and London may then convey instantaneous messages to Bengal or Calcutta.

—THE DEATH OF THE CZAR FORETOLD TWO YEARS SINCE.—A letter that appeared in the London *Times*, over the signature of Dr. Granville, a physician of some eminence, has attracted notice. Dr. Granville had once been Lord Palmerston's medical attendant and in 1849 resided in a professional capacity at St. Petersburg, where he had medical introductions to the Imperial Court. In the month of July, 1853, he addressed a confidential letter to Lord Palmerston, and which he (Granville) now reproduces in the *Times*. In that letter he stated, that having formed a careful prognosis of the state of health of the Emperor Nicholas, he had come to the conclusion that he would die suddenly in the 59th year of his age. At an interview with Lord Palmerston, Feb. 23, 1854, Palmerston asked Dr. G. if he still adhered to his opinion and prediction? Granville replied that "before July, 1855, when the Emperor would be 59 years of age, the event anticipated would happen. Let but a few reverses overtake him, and his death, like that of all his brothers, will be sudden." It has proved so. "Alma, Inkermann, Balaklava," says the Doctor, "shook the mighty brain. Eupatoria completed the stroke, and anticipated the prognosis by only a few weeks."

It might be curious to speculate as to how far the shrewd Palmerston kept this prophecy in mind in accepting the office of Premier, and the task of settling the war.

—The Emperor Nicholas leaves the following numerous family: His wife, the Empress Alexandra Fedorowna (formerly called Frederica Louisa Charlotte Wilhelmina), daughter of the late Frederica William III., King of Prussia, was born July 13, 1798, and is in very weak health. The issue of this marriage are:

1. Alexander, Nicolaivitch Cesarovitch, the present Emperor; born April 29, 1818; married, April 28, 1841; Maria, Alexandrovna, the present Empress (formerly Maximilienne Wilhelmina Augusta Sophia Maria), born May 8, 1824, daughter of the late Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse. Issue of this marriage: Nicolas, Alexandrovitch, the present Crown Prince, born Sept. 20, 1843; Vlademir, Alexandrovitch, born April 22, 1847; Alexis, Alexandrovitch, born Jan. 14, 1850.

2. Maria, Nicolaievna, born Aug. 8, 1819; married, July 14, 1839, to Maximilian, Duke of Leuchtenberg, Prince of Eichtedt; became a widow Nov. 1, 1852.

3. Olga, Nicolaievna, born Sept. 11, 1822; married to Charles, Prince Royal of Wurtemburg, July 13, 1846.

4. Constantine, Nicolaievitch, born Sept. 21, 1827; married Sept. 11, 1848, to Alexandra Josefovna, daughter of Joseph, Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, was born July 20, 1830. Issue—a son and daughter